



WRFL 88.1 FM'S INFORMATION-ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE FOR WINTER, 1992. **FREE!**

Dandelion Bead Connection



Your connection for a beautiful selection of bugle beads,
crystals, semi-precious stones, trade beads, bells & findings.

at **The Black Market**
725 East Main Street
606-231-6664

or by mail:
P. O. Box 1453
Lexington, KY 40591

CONTENTS



copyright 1066, geezi'mbloodytired productions,
in collusion and conjugation with mute squirrel productions

Cover by John Howard, who looks exactly like the Reverend Horton Heat.

**Hell, every magazine's gotta have a contents page.
Just wouldn't be the same without it. Although it's tempting to make you suffer.**

- 3- The contents, you chowderhead. Right here.
- 4- Program Notes: Bill Verble babbles a bit.
- 5- The Shooting Gallery: I babble a lot.
- 8- Block Jock Descriptions: Who is when, and what the hell do they do anyway?
- 12- Jeffry Scott Holland explains in loving detail, "Why the Music Industry Sucks Rancid Pimentos From My Ass"- and why you should have some of these slimes, too!
- 14- Our friendly General Manager "Sherman" Hensley provides you with some facts and quotes relating to Jeff's prior topic.
- 16- The Art of Terror: Mandatory reading for the practicing artist: Subversion, Subversion, Subversion, and you.
- 20- Bill Widener's Comic of a Dream that Todd Had.
- 24- Bill Widener's special surprise pages. I don't even know what goes on them at this point...
- 28- Hap Houlihan reviews a FIREHOSE show and interviews Mike Watt.
- 32- Jazz and Blues Talkin': excerpts from several of Hazel's interviews, specifically Lonnie Brooks and one of his sons, as well as Dianne Schuur.
- 36- The Handy Dandy Don't Leave Home Without It WRFL Program Schedule. What goes when and who does it, all bloody 56 of us.
- 38- What Lexington Needs. (evil grin)
- 40- Kakie Urch interviews Paul K from Paul K & the Weathermen.
- 42- Byl Hensley interviews Hap Houlihan from Coda Records, giving us a few glimpses of what lies in Coda's future: particularly the Bigger Than You compilation of local bands.
- 44- Marky's America. It's like a garage sale on right wing bigotry, seeing as that handy communist menace has gone to shit.
- 45- The WRFL "Homes Section". Be afraid. Be very afraid.
- 46- Hensley on recent albums. Music to eat.
- 51- Doug Saretsky on music that's almost more likely to eat you.
- 52- The Top 88 Songs of 1991.
- 54- More Top Ten lists from more styles of music than any other radio station in the damn state has the guts or inclination to play.
- 57- Rollins and Interface: In Yer Face- What you *should* have seen last year.
- 58- Bill Widener's record reviews. Take Cover.
- 60- Jeffry Scott Holland reviews the Flat Duo Jets show from Alternative Music Month '91.
- 61- Widener reviews the Didjits show from... you guessed it.
- 62- Notes from the Neighborhood: the Scoop on local music from our very own Steve Daniels, WRFL's Official Local Music Bloke.
- 64- Comic Reviews by Jed McClure & meself. This ain't the fluff and crap for six year olds- this is art, monkey-boy.
- 66- Bill Widener's review of the Doom Patrol.
- 68- Voodoo Pie, by Susan Clearwater.

Read. Enjoy. And watch out for the Nellies.

THE SHOOTING GALLERY

Yeah, whatever, this is the Shooting Gallery which always seems to manage not to be a letters column, so I guess it gets to be a convenient editor's place to whine, bitch, plead, moan, and all those other things that make a publication unpleasant to read. If you want me to shut up then write us a letter: Box 777, University Station, 40506-0025 is the address. RiFLe seems to have experienced a sudden growth spurt here, and I'd like to thank all the bums in the community who supported this publication.

Ever wonder why these columns tend to get surreal? Probably because they're the last things to get written, at which point the poor sod writing them has been up the majority of a weekend sans that snoozin' activity, which bashes the brain a bit. So I won't say anything profound about music, or the stupid industry ka-ka, (JSH slams the motherfuckers more gracefully or bitterly than I could hope to by far)- or even Bill Verble's "clam problem".

I will however, drool at the thought of a Pixies show. What a way to start off the last semester: by the time the end rolls around, everyone's bruises will be healed. Seriously: Pixies=god, enough said.

I'd like to thank all my hapless shitworkers: first and foremost Captain "Grotus" Hensley, who risked serious bodily harm at the hands of his ball and chain by staying late at night to lay all this kahooc out. As well the Sauce, aka, Little Marky, our Promotions Ho who seems to have done a fair damn bit himself. Ditto for Jeffy Scott Holland, and a host of other guests: Mad Mark Patrick, Billy Verble, Bill Widener, Mary Jane, Hazel, my own personal Ball-n-chain, Whitney Stone, who drove to Louisville brutally hung over only to find the people she drove to meet up with not there. But wait, there's more: Aker, the Evil Overlord Agin, through whom we do the bidding of the holy & mighty Administration. Todd Hielt gets a gold star. As well Amy Boucher, for the additional helpful aid of not killing her aforementioned Grotus. Steve asked me to write "Steve Daniels, not Sappy" in the thanks section, so are you happy? Kakie gets a gold star, natch. As well to Susan Clearwater, Doug, John Howard, Mick, Hap, the people with the Really Scary House, Jed M.C., the Film Cynic blokes, and any poor sods who I've somehow managed to forget.

Have a real life, kids. I'm going to go to Boston now and relax (a relative term) with a grueling 15 hour drive. Bye now.

MARKY!



The Nellies J?



PROGRAM NOTES

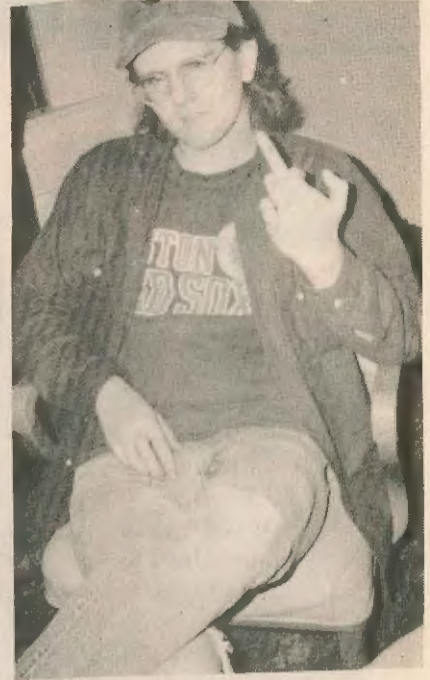
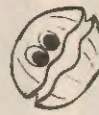
Yet another end-of-the-year retrospective, as if there haven't been enough. But I won't prattle on about the war, the Soviet collapse, or the recession. Or even try to make it all relevant to the music industry (except the recession, which was very relevant).

1991 was an average year for music. Nothing incredible came out. Big names; R.E.M., Red Hot Chili Peppers, Metallica, Public Enemy, Siouxsie & the Banshees to name a few; had releases, but didn't eclipse previous work. Ned's Atomic Dustbin, Fudge Tunnel, Eleven, and Smashing Pumpkins all had solid debuts. R.E.M. continued to have mainstream success, and Jesus Jones also broke into the pop realm. Nirvana was the year's biggest surprise, and became the biggest alternative album, saleswise, ever. Lollapalooza was a successful tour in a bad concert year. Rap continues to reach broader audiences. One significant indie label, Rough Trade, went under, while another, SubPop, met with severe financial difficulty. Miles Davis died. Yes, the year had it's ups and downs, but did not bring major releases or musical turning points.

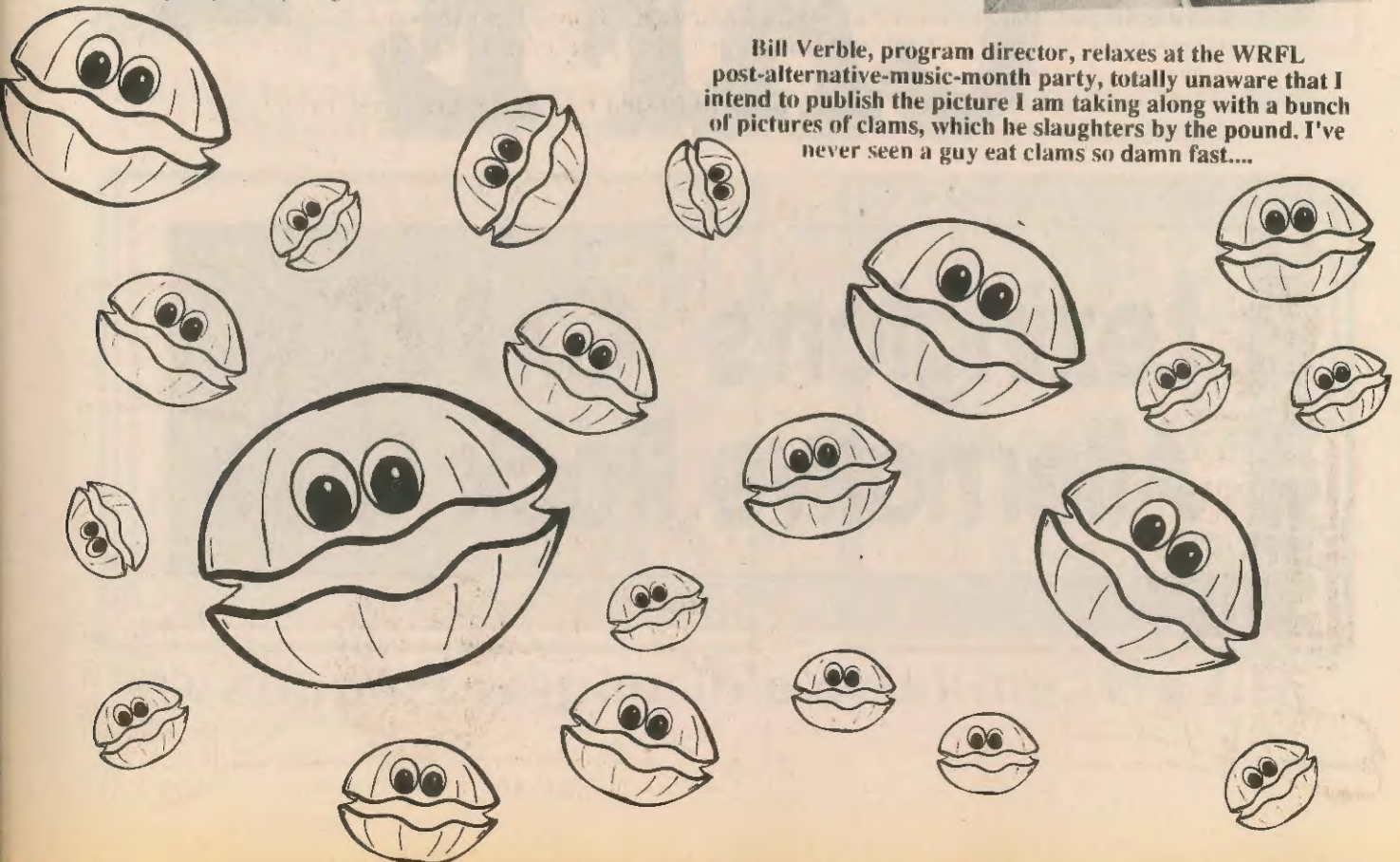
What did 1991 bring for WRFL? The most significant things were the addition of a second rap show, Verbs of Power, and the expansion of Alternative Music Week to Alternative Music MONTH. We had a lot of people depart the airwaves, and even more new voices to take their places. We gave away a date with our own Steve "Sappy" Daniels, and we also gave away tattoos for Christmas. All in all, it was a decent year?

1991 was a good year for local music. 10 Foot Pole, Black Cat Bone, and Paul K all had releases. Coda Records brought together many of Lexington's great bands to record a CD to be released soon. The defunct Brainsalad got a mention in Rolling Stone. Sunday all-ages shows became a regular occurrence, bringing many new fans to the local music scene.

What can you expect for 1992? In the spring we'll be celebrating our fourth birthday, so look forward to a big weekend celebration. We will be working to bring you more news and informational programming. Also more wacky giveaways. And we will continue to bring the most unique and diverse music programming in the region. We wouldn't give you anything else.



Bill Verble, program director, relaxes at the WRFL post-alternative-music-month party, totally unaware that I intend to publish the picture I am taking along with a bunch of pictures of clams, which he slaughters by the pound. I've never seen a guy eat clams so damn fast....



HIDDEN ROCK CAFE →

Lexington's **ONLY**
Alternative Rock Cafe

Lexington's Premiere Rock-n-Roll Cafe

272-3615

NICHOLASVILLE ROAD

1/4 mile south of Man-O-War on the left



2 for 1 domestic beers
well drinks
All day EVERY day

fried calamari, rock potato slices, french onion soup, blackened shrimp salad, pasta rosa, chicken california, orange roughy, peppered filet mignon, rockin reuben sandwich, the rock-n-roll hamburger...

appetizers
soups
salads
sandwiches
pasta
chicken
seafood
steak

NO
items
over
\$12.95

HIDDEN
ARTISTS!
ROCK
BRING IN YOUR WORK!
CAFE
wall space available
for local artists!

We support responsible drinking. We I.D.

ROCK JOCK BREAKDOWN

PACIFICA RADIO NEWS

weeknights 7:30 -8 pm

To say that one does not always get the full story from the American corporate media is a laughable understatement. Pacifica Radio News brings you around-the-world alternative news coverage that slips through the cracks of the military/industrial-owned mouthpieces. Hear about the events in the world through a different lens every weeknight. Why get your news from a corporation that makes nuclear weapons?

ENTROPIC SYMPHONIES

monday 11pm-2am

Will Geeslin & Wayne Karczewski

Energy. Total command and control. Aggression. Darkness. Entropic Symphonies can give you these and more. We give you an outlet that cannot be had anywhere in Lexington. When we burst onto the airwaves you will know it. We will enter and take control of your mind. Your inner realm will be taken and twisted into forms unknown to any other. Wayne and Will can take you on a journey into the workings of Metal. We will venture into the past, present, future, and out on to the cutting edge. Board this flight at your own risk: you won't be in Kansas anymore, *Toto*.

SPORTS RAP

**tuesday and friday 10:45am, &
sunday 3:15pm**

Jay Hiatt

The University of Kentucky has always had big-time sports, like basketball and football, but what about secondary sports like: men's baseball, lady's basketball, volleyball, tennis, track, golf, gymnastics, swimming, hockey, and others. These teams or clubs need some publicity, so here at WRFL, we felt like we should give 'em some recognition. WRFL's Sports-Rap covers men's basketball to lady's golf and the rest of the "crazy sports world" like: NBA, NHL, major league baseball, horse-racing, and maybe even pig-racing. Whatever the sport, RFL's ready to relay the info to you.

FILM CYNICS

tuesday 1:45 pm, sunday 10:45 pm
Brother George & Professor Tread

Movie fans tired of the same old condescending reviews need look (or listen) no further than WRFL's own current movie review show, Film Cynics, hosted by Professor Tread and Brother George (from TV's *Brains on Film*.) Short on patience for today's mainstream film fare, Film Cynics offers a ribald, often insightful look at what's playing in the theaters. Film Cynics alternates weekly with Aaron's Crypt TV, and we won't even start to talk about what he does to movies.

AARON'S CRYPT TV

tuesday 1:45 pm, sunday 10:45 pm

Aaron Lee

Aaron's Crypt TV tackles anything you can see on the TV screen. From the celebrated to the sleazy, the video wasteland is dissected, decimated, and dissiminated, scanning the shelves of your local video stores and coming to some... *interesting...* conclusions. MAY YOU NEVER WATCH SISKEL AND EBERT AGAIN.

ROCKABILLY RULES

tuesday 3-5 pm

Jeffrey Scott Holland

Zorch! Two grimy hours of unabashed abandon with the likes of Eddie Cochran, Hasil Adkins, Link Wray, Sleepy LaBeef, Stray Cats, Blasters, Jerry Lee Lewis, Cramps, etc., etc., etc. Shake, rattle and drool to the rumblin' rockabilly beat that'll leave you twitching. Wild & wailin', loud & lowbudget; crude & crispy the way you like it. Yeah, I just *dare* ya to drive slow while listening to it, Miss Thing.

POSITIVE VIBRATIONS WITH ROCK STEADY

tuesday 8-11 pm

B.J. Jimenez

Reggae featuring the traditional sounds of Burning Spear, mixed with the dub vibrations of Lee "Scratch" Perry and the toasting sensations of Pato Banton. Tune in to your only source! Peace.

THE FRESH TEST

tuesday 11 pm-2 am

DJ Jughead Suede & Ragabones

Can you pass it? Right after ya hit it, turn it left til ya hear the bass drop. Three hours of the latest & greatest rap jams. Every week, the testers spotlight local crews - so if ya got a tape, send it or bring it by right before showtime.

NEW ALBUM FEATURE

wednesday 4-5 pm, sunday 12 pm- 1 am

Think about it a little. You know every album has more than one song. Deep in your heart, you know it's true. Why don't you ever get to hear a whole new album? Well, now you can. Twice a week WRFL brings you a totally new, completely entirely whole album, not just a hit. Styles may vary, but you'll never be bored. Hang on, and check it out.

JOCK'S CHOICE

wednesday 10-11 pm

It's back- and beware! Every week a random DJ will commandeer the airwaves and play a solid hour of music by a band he's completely deranged about. They'll seek out obscure trivia and twisted band histories. Because they have an obsession. A need. A band that they think ought to rule the world. Tune in, and find out why.

CATACOMBS**wednesday 11 pm-2 am****Shawn McCarney/Bill Widener**

Catacombs=underground (obscure x offbeat x insane)= Charles Fort + Alan Freed. Slamtrance, hurling dervish, white light grind of *loa* horse. Cupid reads the future by the I Ching of scars on her wrists and speaks prophecy through a bullhorn bought cheap at a Thought Police garage sale. Gnosis via feedback. Men behaving as beasts to forget the pain of being men. Women becoming as goddesses to transcend the pain of being women. Lex, Speed, Density. With the sound of lovelorn hurricane, Max Ernst blows his nose on the Shroud of Turin- or is it the floorplan of Hanger 18? Only the transsexual dybbuk of Hendrix knows for sure. Monster sex and angel violence. Ugly truths in a world of lovely lies. Sonic psychic surgery rips out bland cancer for fun, injects heat virus of pleasure. *Amour fou* and the Good Hate. Having seen *Fingered* 23 times, the fifth Oswald kills John Lydon dead as shit with a homemade dildo/taser combo to prove his love to Lung Leg. Evol to dim what links evil to it. Y'all come down now, hear?

THE SACRED AND THE SECULAR**thursday 10-11 am****Rhonda Seabolt**

This show will feature the range of western music from the Gregorian Chant, the source of all subsequent music, to contemporary classical compositions. The emphasis, however, will be on medieval and renaissance music not usually heard over the airwaves. Sample some sublime sounds.

JAZZ LUNCH**thursday 11-2 am****J.T. & Dave Ferris**

We're not sure what Jazz is but we know we like it. Try to define jazz music- bet you can't do it. The more you know about it, the harder it is to nail down the essence of jazz. It is perhaps the most uniquely American art form- maybe that's why it's so hard to define. You're not going to learn much about jazz reading this paragraph. You need to listen to the music for that, so check out Dave or John doing their best to let the music speak for itself.

THOUGHT CRUSADE**thursday 11 pm - 2 am****Pat Thielges**

Antischism, Active Ingredients, AOF, Born Against, Blatz, Big Boys, Christ on a Crutch, Citizen's Arrest, Cacofonia, Disdain, DYS, Deprived, Endpoint, Effigies, ENT, FUs, Faith, Final Conflict G-anx, GI, Germs, Hellnation, Heresy, Headfirst, Icons of Filth, Infest, Jerry's Kids, Jesus Christ, Kina, Kraut, Kinghorse, L'arm, Lost Cause, Meatfly, Media Children, MIA, Necros, Neurosis, Negazione, Offenders, Operation Ivy, Poison Idea, PHC, Rorschach, Reagan Youth, Sunspring, SNFU, SSD, Toxic Reasons, Token Entry, Undermine, Undertones, Varukers, Vale of Tears, Vandals, White Flag, Wretched, X, Yuppicide, Youth of Today, Zero Boys. Need I say more? Oh, yeah... **PUNK FUCKIN' ROCK!**

MATT'S METAL MORTUARY**friday 2-5 pm****Matt Dacey**

What is Heavy Metal all about? Killing people? Drinking too much beer? Worshipping Satan and killing animals or people as a sacrifice to him? Taking drugs? Beating and robbing elderly women? Practicing unsafe sex? Listening to Ozzy Osbourne and killing yourself? Listening to Metallica and killing the parents of Patrick "Bobby Ewing" Duffy? Gang raping a woman in a poolhall? Knocking over hundreds of tombstones in a Bronx cemetery? Shoplifting? Carving pentagrams in your hand and going on a killing spree? Killing young boys and keeping their bodies in your apartment in Milwaukee? Shooting up a McDonald's? Driving your car over a cliff? Skipping school? Drew Barrymore? Just what is Heavy Metal all about? Find out every Friday afternoon from 2-5 on Matt's Metal Mortuary. Once the pain goes away, you'll really enjoy it. Trust me.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD**friday 6 - 7:30 pm****Steve Daniels**

It's a musical day in the neighborhood every Friday as we check out Lexington's finest on the music scene. Who needs Seattle, Austin, or Athens when you've got what we've got right here "*in the neighborhood*"? Each week we try to address the tough questions about music. Like who the Hell is Richard? What do you do with a 10 Foot Pole or a Nine Pound Hammer? Is there an Afterlife? What does Candy Say? Who is sick of being treated with Disdain? Are Blueberries sweet or sour? And just what is Bigger Than You? If you know what I'm talking about, tune in to enjoy, if not, tune in to find out. Great music will never seem far from your doorstep again.

THE PSYCHEDELICATESSEN**friday 11 pm - 2 am****The Captain & Mary Jane**

Check in to the outer limits every Friday night at the psychedelicatesen, and sink your teeth into music so vivid you can taste it. Guitars melt in a firestorm of chocolate fudge ecstasy, keyboards contract in crystals of frozen raspberry ice cream delight, and time and space fuse into one ultraviolet aural symphony. Let the music swirl around your head like incense, savor the rich exotic textures of sound as they lift you out of your body and onto a higher plane of experience. The Captain and Mary Jane will take your mind's palate on a joyride through every flavor of the culinary spectrum: from the Orange Bicycle to the Chocolate Watchband, from Pink Floyd to Smashing Orange, trip the light fantastic at the 'deli.

UNIVERSAL RHYTHM ZONE**saturday 2 am - 6 am****Rags**

Rhythm... its importance is understated... except on Friday nights where it flows very freely, encompassing and embracing all who can get to it. Through ya' hips to ya' ears, and then through the years, ya'll hear the jams that move ya from 60's, 70's up to the present- and it's a universal groove so it's worldwide. Check it out...

BLUE YODEL RADIO TIME CAFE

saturday 11 am - 2 pm

Alan Pearson

Celebrate our acoustic roots every saturday when WRFL serves up the finest traditional music to be found in the region. Bluegrass and Old-time music is our specialty, but you can also find Celtic, Country, and Jazz Grass a la Bela Fleck. So if you love the sounds of acoustic music, whether it's a fiddle tune carried on the summer wind, or the break-neck speed of a Bluegrass guitar solo, you're sure to find something to sink your teeth into. The BLUE YODEL RADIO TIME CAFE-- we serve the music, you just bring the food.

LOWDOWN BLUES

saturday 2-4 pm

Jack Kirk

The Blues. Mississippi Delta Blues. New Orleans Rhythm 'n' Blues. Beale Street Blues. Chicago Blues. Texas Blues. East Coast Blues. West Coast Blues. Kansas City Blues. St. Louis Blues.

Country Blues. Big Band Blues. Women's Blues. Electric Blues. Combo Blues. Swingin' Rhythm 'n' Blues. Pre-war Blues. Post-war Blues. Jug Band Blues. Gospel Blues. Prison Blues. Hokum. Doo-Wop. Rockin' Rhythm 'n' Blues. Harmonica Blues. Washboard Blues. Slide Guitar Blues. Piano Blues. Big City Blues. Jumpin' Blues.

In the jook joints. From the street corners. In the dancehalls. From the nightclubs. Down the bayous. At the fish fry. On the railroads. At the back door.

Stompin'. Wailin'. Screamin'. Honkin'. Cryin'. Sweatin'. Bumpin'. Shakin'. Shoutin'. Moanin'. Growlin'. Hootin'. Pickin'. Blowin'. Stingin'.

The original sounds of rebellion. The original devil's music. The roots of it all. Lowdown Blues 'n' Rhythm from over seven decades of recorded soul.

"What we've got is fake culture...a mass epidemic of it. When I was a kid you hated everything out of course... YOU DIDN'T BUY THEIR SHIT! You make YOUR OWN, on a local level. Punk Rock we called it...When that became corrupted we moved on, not upwards but SIDEWAYS, like a crab, to avoid it." - BILLY CHILDISH

THE BEAT BASH

saturday 5-8 pm

Ed Boland and Jim Owens

Enough of the Teeny-boppin', mall cruisin', pud whackin' pre-pubescent new kid lovin' dance fodder... gimme some real dance music!

*INDUSTRIAL.

*PROGRESSIVE.

*HOUSE.

The Beat Bash. Join us in the mix every Saturday night with Jim O. and Disco Eddie...

It's the deal!

SPEAK NO EVIL

saturday 9:30 - 10:30 pm

Mick Jeffries

It's an instrumental double-freakout chock-full of yer fave unknown wordless wonders and some famous ones, too. My grandma's dead chihuahua made the solemn vow on my grave: if it's instrumental, Mick'll play it. I didn't much care for that vow. Join us, won'tcha?

VERBS OF POWER

saturday 11 pm - 2 am

Rob Rightmyer

Close your eyes, buckle up, and prepare yourself as the late Saturday night airwaves are bumpin' to some of the most innovative and thought-evoking musical forms of our time. We'll groove to the mellowed-out sounds of the native tongue family and even step over into the neighborhood with tha' gangstas and hardcore rhymers. Whether it's old and jammin' or new and slammin', you'll get it all here. Peace to everyone.

CHRISTIAN ROCK

sunday 6-9 am

Tanya Robertson & Amy Treandly

Are you looking for a show that plays diverse Christian music? A show that plays your requests? Discover WRFL's Christian Rock show. Not only will you hear the music not heard anywhere else in Kentucky, you'll also get the latest info on your favorite artists. So, turn the dial to 88.1 Sunday mornings from 6-9, give us a call, and suggest your favorite artist for an artist feature.

BEAR'S WAX

USED Compact Discs, Cassettes, & Albums

FOUNDED 1979

253-3035

371 S. Limestone

(Basement of Sqpecial Media)

OPEN Mon-Sat, CLOSED Sun

All Items Guaranteed!



UK Student Activities Board Presents:



Tickets on Sale at the Student Center Ticket Office and at all Ticketmaster Outlets

Coming Soon

New Morning



HOT BURRITO!

sunday 12 am - 2 pm

Matt Renfro & Rob Franklin

Hot Burrito is: Maximum Country & Western, from Hillbilly to Countryopolitan, Western Swing to Roots Rock 'n' Roll, New Traditionalists to the fringes of Nashville. Hot Burrito is anything that nudges, touches, or upsets the true American musical form we know as Country and Western. Give it a listen, you just might like something you hear, and if you don't, well, it takes all kinds to make a world.

JAZZ & BLUES FLIGHT

sunday 2-5 pm

Hazel

Listen up and kick it with a "Jazz Thang" on Hazel's Jazz & Blues Flight. The "Flight" is supported by lots of listeners and endorsed by Betty Carter, Sonny Rollins, Chick Corea, KoKo Taylor, Christopher Hollyday, Les McCann, Michael Petruccianni, Tuck & Patti, Sun Ra, The Metropolitan Blues All Stars, The Marsalis Family; Ellis, Branford, Wynton, Delfeayo, & Jason, Buddy Guy, David Benoit, Bobby Watson, Keith McCutchen, Diane Reeves, Courtney Pine, Bruce Lewis, Charnett Moffett, Miles Osland, Najee, Lewis Nash, David Murray, Dave Weckle, Jimmy Heath, John Patitucci, George Duke, Dave Goldflies, Javon Jackson, Andy Narrell, and hey, the list could go on! It's hip, it's hype, it's funky fresh, so give the "Flight" a listen!

WOMEN'S MUSIC

sunday 7-8 pm

Bambi Merriman & Lori O'Connor

Bluesbrides, Soulsisters, Woodstockwomen, Country Queens, Mountain Matriarchs, Pop Priestesses, Poetesses, Ms. M. C.'s, Rastafarettes, Punk Primadonnas.

A solid hour's worth of female creations from two different perspectives from the likes of: Billie Holliday, Aretha Franklin, Janis Joplin, Patsy Cline, Jean Ritchie, Danielle Dax, Throwing Muses, Kate Bush, Queen Latifah, Rita Marley, Siouxsie Sioux, Lydia Lunch, Kim Gordon...

Strong enough for a man, but made by **WOMEN**.

WORLD SOUNDS

sunday 8 - 10:45 pm

Bill Verble

The world music explosion has reached the Bluegrass. The past three years have seen a rising interest in music from other lands. Out of Africa, the Caribbean, Latin America, and the Middle East have come strange and exciting sounds to bend your American ear. This isn't all traditional music; many of the styles and genres featured on World Sounds have emerged and evolved throughout the century. Every Sunday night we prove that pop music doesn't have to be bad. Many of the artists and bands you'll hear have massive followings in the home countries and continents. World Sounds is an opportunity to catch tunes from across the globe as well as move your rump to a new rhythm. Grab your passport, and tune in.

**WHY THE MUSIC INDUSTRY FILLS ME
WITH THE MOST OFFENSIVE, DEPRAVED,
DISGUSTING, BLASPHEMOUS, DISTURBING,
SACRELIGIOUS, FOUL, VENAL, THOUGHTS
YOUR MIND CAN CONCEIVE.**

RANTING BY JEFFREY SCOTT HOLLAND

Every day WRFL's phones are deluged by employees of the record labels whose job it is to call us every day and beg us to play their records, which they routinely refer to as "product". This is done at enormous cost, and sadly, it actually succeeds on an increasing number of College Radio Stations. It has the *opposite* intended effect, if any, on WRFL, I'm happy to say.

These phone-freaks also employ a total lack of knowledge about the music they are hired to promote, and often have no clue what Alternative Music and College Radio are all about. There's a magazine called CMJ, which is a sort of *Billboard*-type chartzine exclusively for College Radio. The industry callers constantly belch pearls of wisdom like "Our latest product, the Candy Haircuts, are #3 on the CMJ charts! Why aren't you reporting them on your charts?" They're horrified when I inform them that we couldn't give a flying fuck about someone else's little "chart" if nobody's requesting the record and all the DJs hate it.

FACT : It costs half as much to make a CD as it does a vinyl record, yet they charge twice as much. Why aren't you pissed off?

As if the debacles over home taping and DAT weren't enough, now the industry weasels are complaining that record stores that buy and sell used LPs, CDs and cassettes are cutting into their business and that something should be done! Major mall-type chain stores are beginning to sell used CDs now, and the labels are sweating bullets. Poor babies.

The compact disc doesn't even need to exist at all. There is no reason the digital information couldn't fit on a *chip*, which would be about the size of your thumb and cost about 63 cents to manufacture. A device to play these chips would be far less expensive and far less delicate, since it would require no motor to track the laser across a disc. Someday, after you've replaced your record collection with overpriced, self-destructing compact discs, they'll probably finally market the chip. And charge thirty bucks each for 'em.

The music industry, independent labels aside, is almost solely run by two mega-conglomerates : Sony and Time/Warner. Sony, who now owns the Columbia/CBS empire, have become so powerful and all-encompassing, *they no longer accept returns from record stores for defective merchandise.* They're powerful enough they know they can get away with screwing retailers this way, because for a record store to boycott Sony product would be suicide.

Janet Jackson was recently signed to Virgin Records for \$30 Million, a pretty cushy salary for someone who doesn't write her own material and plays no instrument.

The major labels actually put out some really good, halfway daring stuff once in a while, and invariably these records are the ones they refuse to send WRFL. Instead they send us their pop swill. Some of the industry cretins are actually sleazy enough to say "Well, we don't have the *budget* to send you the Tibetan music, but if you put our newest disco-pop stuff on your charts, we might think about it..."

It doesn't cost that much to make a fucking record. The recording studios, pressing plants, and advertising agencies massively overcharge the big labels since they know the big labels are loaded. (A cynical mind might consider the likelihood that the labels and studios agree to overcharge, then divvy up the profits later.) Besides, the label doesn't pay for most of this shit, the *artist* does. An artist doesn't see a penny until all the costs of pressing, recording, distribution, and bullshit are paid for. If the artists were put in charge of their own promotional and advertising account, you can bet they'd be a hell of a lot more careful with their own money, instead of taking out full-page ads in *Rolling Stone* and manufacturing promotional junk like all the cutesy toys, stickers, coffee mugs, key rings, T-shirts, and bric-a-brac they send stations in the vain hope that a pack of "Naughty By Nature" condoms will somehow influence me to play their record.

Recently, a certain crappy label, which will go unnamed here, with their certain crappy metal band (also here unnamed), actually sent us a crate containing some copies of their new album: ONE HUNDRED CASSETTES, AND FIFTY COMPACT DISCS, LONGBOXED AND SHRINKWRAPPED. They sent them to pass along to our DJs to "familiarize yourselves with our newest product", to give away over the air (we couldn't even give one copy away!), and ultimately to record over the tapes and use the discs for bases in softball practice. Anyone in Lexington who might've possibly wanted the album got a free one, so how did they expect to sell any? The poor band never had a chance; they'll walk away from their label *without* money, as do most major-label bands that fail.

The video for Michael Jackson's "Beat It" cost half a million dollars to make. Weird Al Yankovic's parody video, "Eat It", is virtually identical to Jackson's in every detail, and cost him a couple of hundred dollars to shoot.

YOUR FINAL INSTRUCTIONS : IT'S TIME FOR AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE ALTERNATIVE. IF YOU MUST BUY COMPACT DISCS, BUY USED ONES AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. MUSIC HAS NO MEANING. HOME TAPING IS NOT KILLING MUSIC. CORPORATE ROCK DOESN'T JUST SUCK ANYMORE, IT HAS BECOME A REAL *THREAT* TO YOU AND ME. DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON A DAT PLAYER. MAKE YOUR OWN MUSIC. BROADEN YOUR TASTES. LISTEN TO SHITTY OLD RECORDS FROM A JUNK STORE. HANG OUT IN FACTORIES AND LISTEN TO THE NOISE. YOU'RE NOT BUYING MUSIC, YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO BUY *HIPNESS*; GROW UP.

Radio Free Lexington Index

- Number of advertisements (excluding music) during one edition of MTV's 120 Minutes: 52
- Number of music videos broadcast: 22
- Number of those artists affiliated with independent record labels: 3
- Number of shampoo commercials run: 5
- Number of LP/CDs in WRFL's music rotation: 76
- Number of those owned by multinational entertainment conglomerates: 15
- Number of hygiene commercials broadcast by WRFL: 0
- Number during a two-hour segment of MTV: 12
- Percentage of "Top 10 College Radio Albums" (as reported by MTV) owned by conglomerates: 100
- Percentage of "Top 10" played albums on WRFL owned by conglomerates: 4
- Average number of phone calls WRFL's Music Director receives weekly from conglomerates: 30
- Average number of "products" pushed per call: 10
- Number of food items mailed to WRFL Music Director by conglomerates last semester: 11
- Number of Nirvana promotional cassettes mailed to WRFL by Geffen Records: 30 + more
- Number of Bongwater promotional cassettes mailed to WRFL by Shimmy Disc Records: 0
- Number of weeks Bongwater has been in WRFL's rotation: 5 (as of January 13, 1992)



Artist Barbara Kruger's answer to the media

Excerpt from CONSOLIDATED's

Music Has No Meaning

In the 90's as Big Business and Big Government realize that they needn't demonstrate any longer the intimidation and violent suppression of past authoritarian states, they prove conclusively that friendly fascism clearly exists in this society and the rulers of Corporate America have manufactured within its own people an addiction to pop culture so strong it renders us incapable of any action as individual or collective citizens and the real tragedy is that we have no problem with this. Every fascist era has its giant spectacles to keep the people pacified. With us it's just the MTV Video Awards and the Grammy's. As long as we're willing to go on just passively marching and singing then we know that music has no meaning.

Listening to the pop music on the radio means that for more than 6 days a week you get a massive bombardment of identically formulated musical diarrhoea stopped in your ears. And while everyone has known for years that the big record labels, by definition, are no music lovers (good music for them is, sic, "music that sells good"), the by them dictated hit parade terror thrives luxuriously, just as always. For this reason alone, the rubbish-truck that rattles you out of bed early in the morning deserves 1,000 times more appreciation than the mindless mush that is served up for the radio listening public.

—from "Cowboys & Indies" by the EX

[Memo]

ROCK THE VOTE

From a memo distributed last spring to employees of Island Records in New York City. The memo appeared in the August 6, 1991, issue of The Village Voice.

Once again we're trying to get one of our bands onto the "Dial MTV" charts—this time it's Drivin' N' Cryin'. Mondays through Thursdays from three to four please phone in and vote for DNC's latest single, "Fly Me Courageous." We need to call for at least three weeks in order to make an impact—and it's extremely important that everyone vote.

To make it easier, you can program the number into your telephone and use the speed-dial function. Once you have the number stored, you can keep calling while you are working.

Thanks for your help. Please keep this by your phone so you can remember to call every day.

If a falling tree crushed
the lead singer of your favorite band
and no one was there to hear it
would it make a sound?



Instrumental Music
Saturday Nights
9:30 - 10:30 p.m.
Only on WRFL 88.1

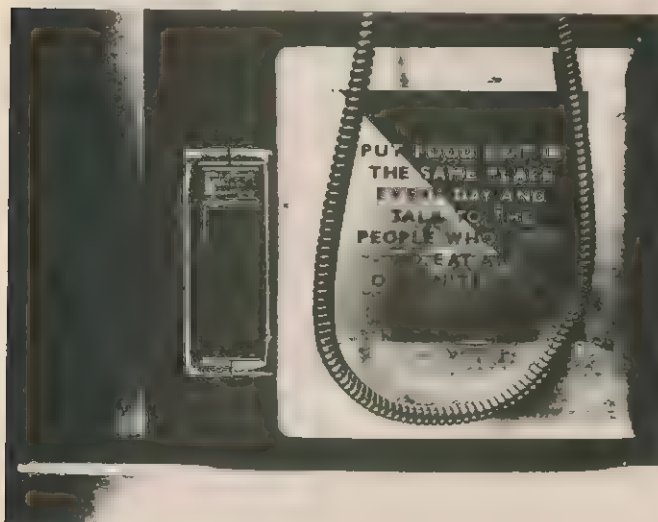
The Art of Terror

the Art of Terror

Poetic Terrorism

WEIRD DANCING IN ALL-NIGHT computer-banking lobbies. Unauthorized pyrotechnic displays. Land-art, earthworks as bizarre alien artifacts strewn in State Parks. Burglarize houses but instead of stealing, leave Poetic-Terrorist objects. Kidnap someone & make them happy.

Pick someone at random and convince them that they're heir to an enormous, useless & amazing fortune - say 5000 square miles of Antarctica, or an aging circus elephant, or an orphanage in Bombay, or a collection of alchemical mss. Later they will come to realize that for a few moments they believed in something extraordinary, & will perhaps be driven as a result to seek out some more intense mode of existence.



Jenny Holzer, *Street New York City, Telephone*

Bolt up brass commemorative plaques in places (public or private) where you have experienced a revelation or had a particularly fulfilling sexual experience, etc.

Go naked for a sign.

Organize a strike in your school or workplace on the grounds that it does not satisfy your need for indolence & spiritual beauty.

Graffiti-art loaned some grace to ugly subways and rigid public monuments - PT-art can also be created for public spaces: poems scrawled in courthouse laboratories, small fetishes abandoned in parks & restaurants, xerox-art under windshield wipers of parked cars, Big Brother Slogans pasted on playground walls, anonymous letters mailed to random or chosen recipients (mail fraud), pirate radio transmissions, wet cement...

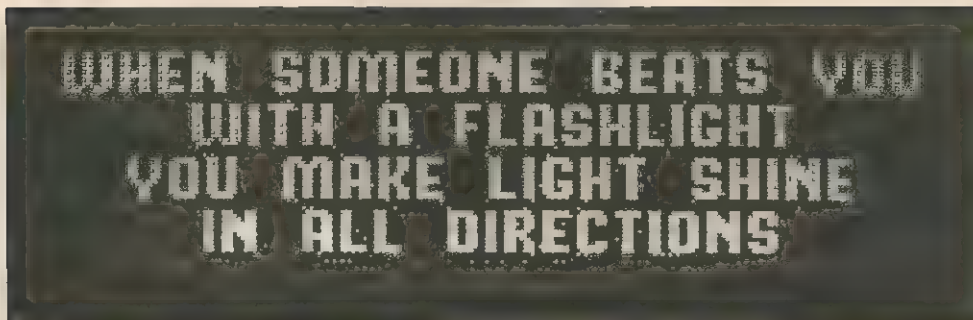
The audience reaction or aesthetic-shock produced by PT ought to be at least as strong as the emotion of terror - powerful disgust, sexual arousal, superstitious awe, sudden intuitive breakthrough, dada-esque angst - no matter whether the PT is aimed at one person or many, no matter whether it is "signed" or anonymous, if it does not change someone's life (aside from the artist) it fails.

PT is an act in the Theater of Cruelty which has no stage, no row of seats, no tickets & no walls. In order to work at all, PT must categorically be divorced from all conventional structures for art consumption (galleries, publications, media). Even the guerilla Situationalist tactics of street theater are perhaps too well known & expected now.

An exquisite seduction carried out not only in the cause of mutual satisfaction but also as a conscious act in a deliberately beautiful life - may be the ultimate PT. The PTerrorist behaves like a confidence-trickster whose aim is not money but CHANGE.

Don't do PT for other artists, do it for people who will not realize (at least for a few moments) that what you have done is art. Avoid recognizable art-categories, avoid politics, don't stick around to argue, don't be sentimental; be ruthless, take risks,

Text by **Hakim Bey**,
from his collection **T.A.Z.**
The Temporary Autonomous Zone



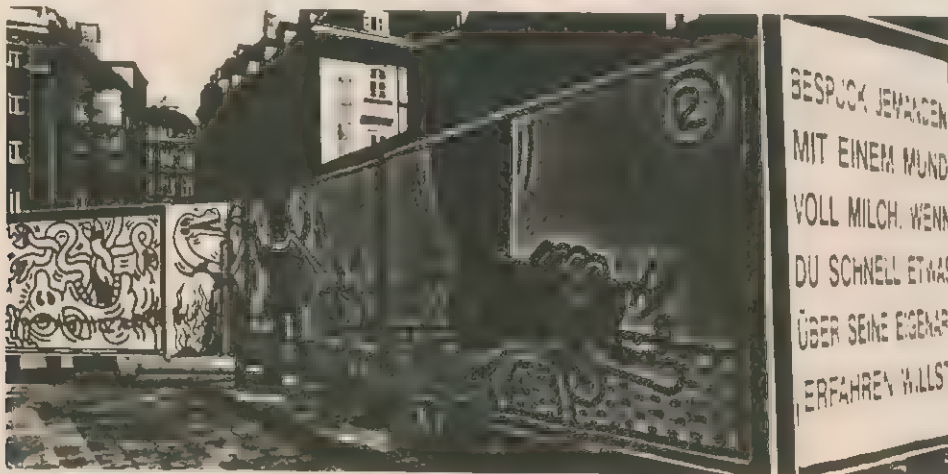
Jenny Holzer, *New York City 1983, Electric Signboard*

vandalize only what *must* be defaced, do something children will remember the rest of their lives - but don't be spontaneous unless the PT Muse has possessed you.

Dress up. Leave a false name. Be legendary. The best PT is against the law, but don't get caught. Art as crime; crime as art.

A-S goes beyond paranoia, beyond deconstruction - the ultimate criticism - physical attack on offensive art - aesthetic jihad. The slightest taint of ego-icity or even of personal taste spoils its purity & vitiates its force. A-S can never seek power - only *release* it.

Individual artworks (even the worst) are



Keith Haring & Jenny Holzer, *Vienna 1986 Collaboration*

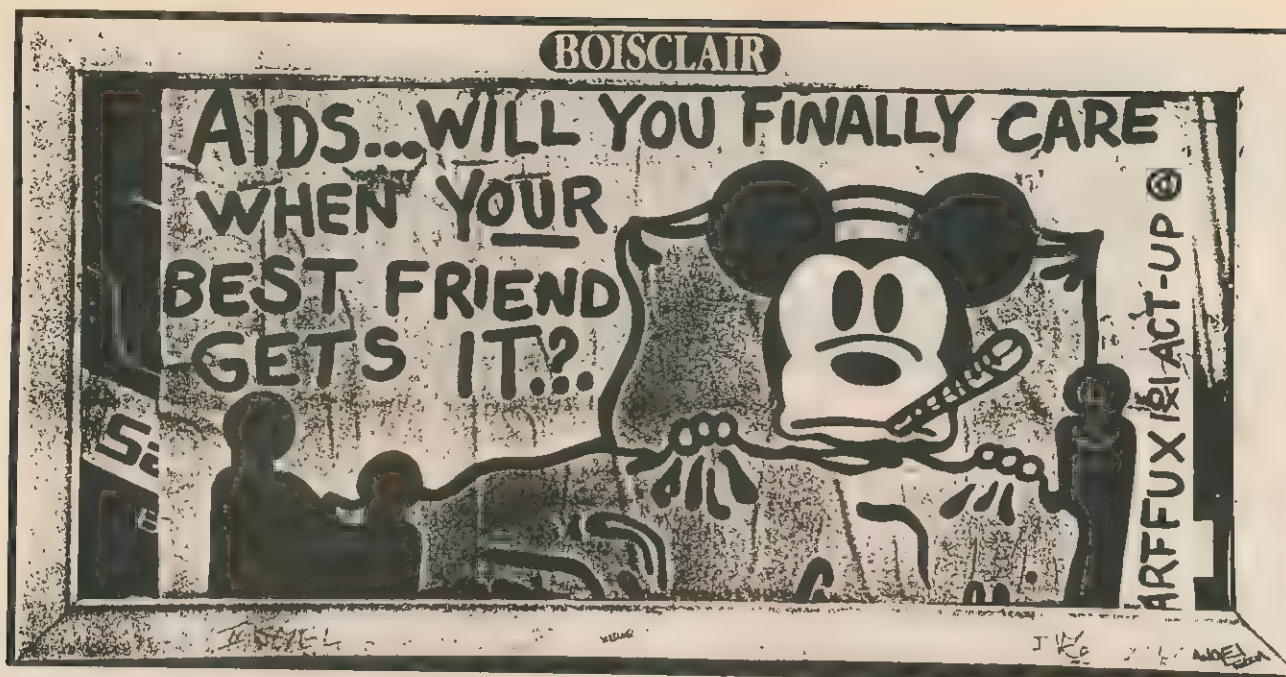
Art Sabotage

ART SABOTAGE STRIVES TO be perfectly exemplary but at the same time retain an element of opacity - not propaganda but aesthetic shock - apallingly direct yet also subtly angled - action-as-metaphor.

Art Sabotage is the dark side of Poetic Terrorism - creation-through-destruction - but it cannot serve any Party, nor any nihilism, nor even art itself. Just as the banishment of illusion enhances awareness, so the demolition of aesthetic blight sweetens the air of the world of discourse, of the Other. Art Sabotage serves only consciousness, attentiveness, awakeness.

largely irrelevant - A-S seeks to damage institutions which use art to diminish consciousness & profit by delusion. This or that poet or painter cannot be condemned for lack of vision - but malign Ideas can be assaulted through the artifacts they generate. MUZAK is designed to hypnotize & control - its machinery can be smashed.

Public book burnings - why should rednecks and Customs officials monopolize this weapon? Novels about children possessed by demons; the *New York Times* bestseller list; feminist tracts against pornography; schoolbooks (especially Social



ARTFUX, *Highjacked Cigarette Billboard*, 1991

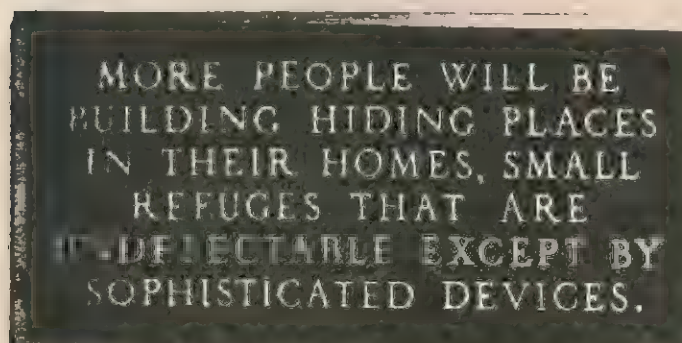
Studies, Civics, Health); piles of *New York Post*, *Village Voice* & other supermarket papers; choice gleanings of Xtian publishers; a few Harlequin Romances - a festive atmosphere, wine bottles and joints passed around on a clear autumn afternoon.

To throw money away at the Stock Exchange was pretty descent Poetic Terrorism - but to *destroy* the money would have been good Art Sabotage. To seize TV transmission & broadcast a few pirated minutes of incendiary Chaote art would constitute a feat of PT - but to simply blow up the transmission tower would be perfectly good Art Sabotage.

If certain galleries and museums deserve an occasional brick through their windows - not destruction, but a jolt to complacency - then what about BANKS? Galleries turn beauty into a commodity but banks transmute Imagination into feces and debt. Wouldn't the world gain a degree of beauty with each bank that could be made to tremble... or fall? But how? Art Sabotage should probably stay away from politics (it's so boring) - but not banks.

Don't picket - vandalize. Don't protest - deface. When ugliness, poor design & stupid waste are forced upon you, turn Luddite, throw your shoe into the works, retaliate. Smash the symbols of the Empire in the name of nothing but the heart's longing for grace.

Jenny Holzer, *Oberlin 1983, Brass Plaque*



These hijacked images & text have been stolen by:



Is it REAL or *SIMILACRA*?

SIABI |PIERFIOIRIMIINIGI |AIRITIS
ICIOILIECITHIIEI

**BEBE
MILLER
COMPANY**

Saturday, February 1st
Memorial Hall
Tickets: \$5.- Students
\$8.- Public

Tickets Now on Sale
At all TicketMaster Outlets
(606) 257-11CS



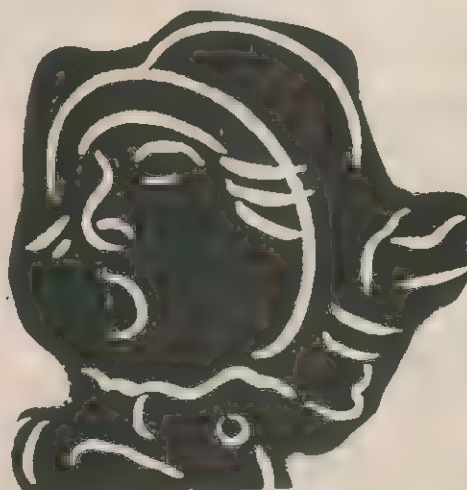
BLACK LIGHT THEATRE OF PRAGUE

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

THE CZECH VERSION

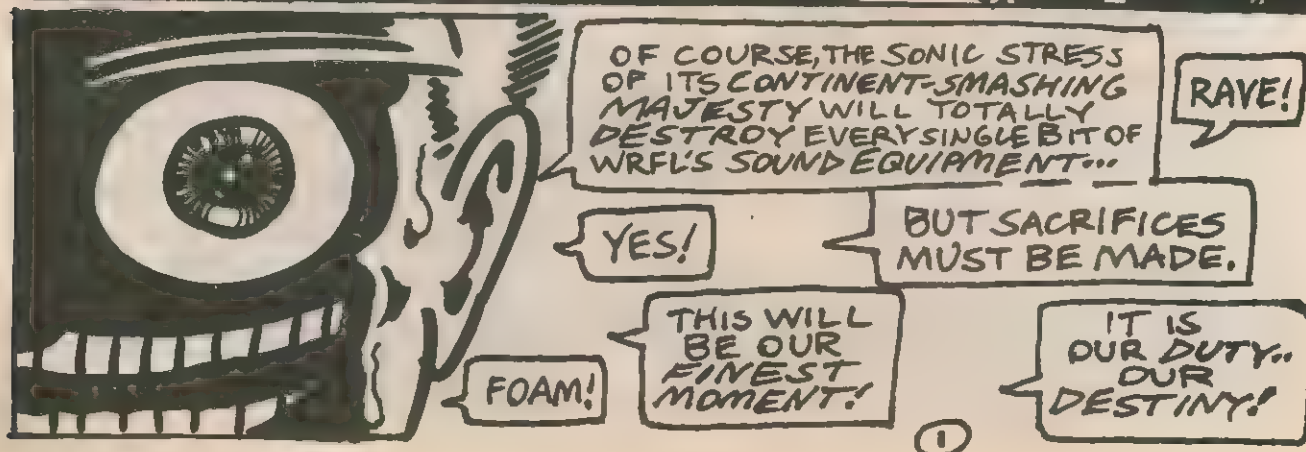
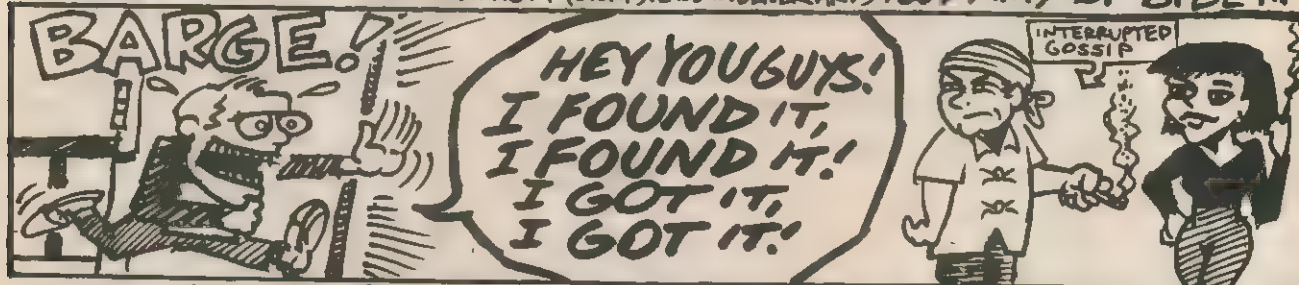


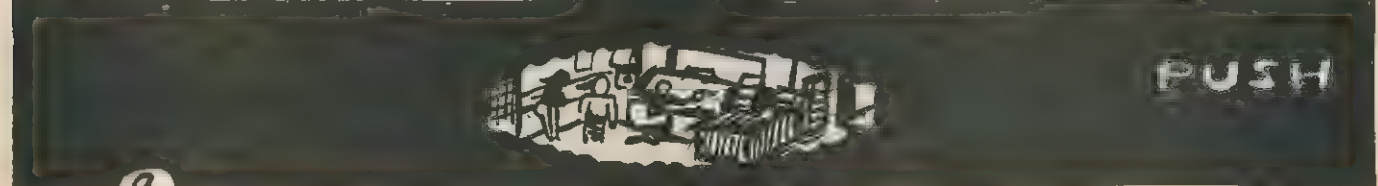
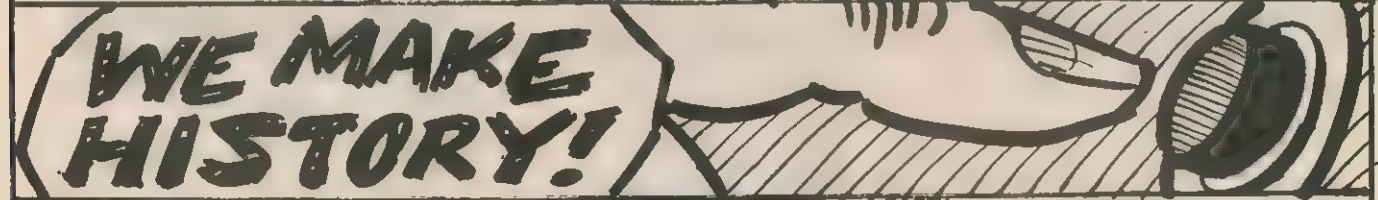
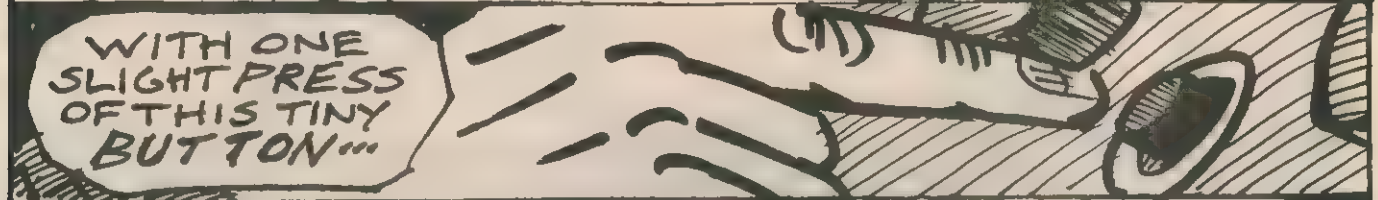
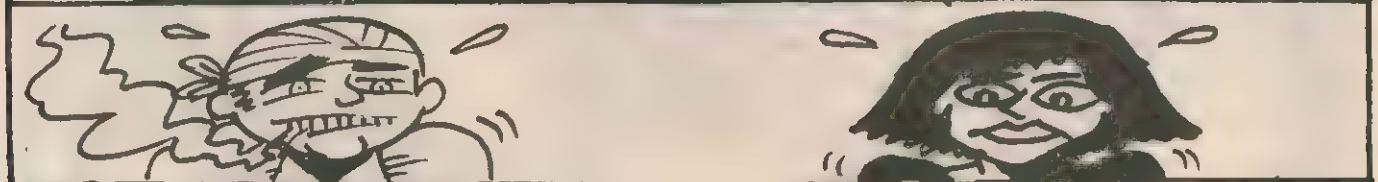
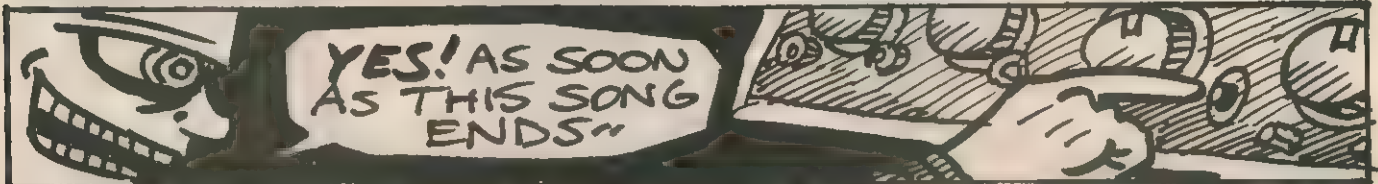
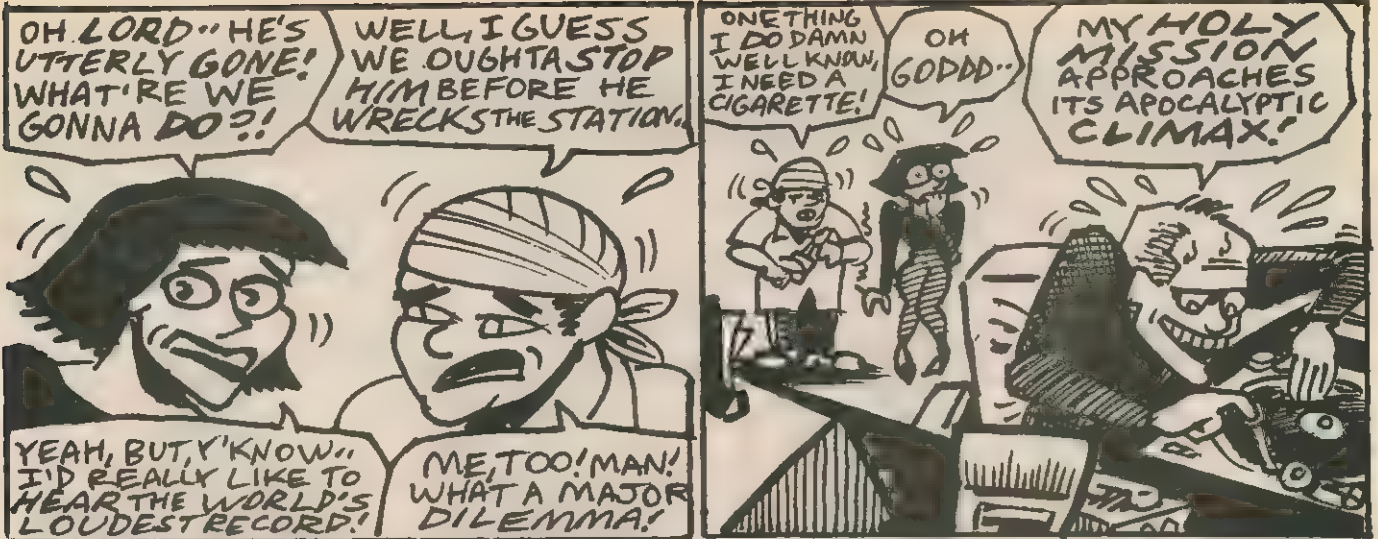
Monday, February 17th
Student Center Ballroom
Tickets: \$5.- Students \$8.- Public



D.J. HI-JINX

A TRUE STORY ©1992 BY TODD HIETT (STORY) & BILL WIDENER (ART) TODD AMY B. BILL W.







388 Woodland Ave.
255-66-14/259-9944

LYNAGH'S

Lexington, Kentucky

Spring Calendar

• IRISH PUB & MUSIC CLUB •

January

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
14 Highbridge Bluegrass Band	15 Atticus Finch	16 The Swinging Richards	17 Metropolitan Blues All-Stars	18
21 WAX CADILLACS	22 DEAD TRIBUTE Born Cross-Eyed	23 SNOW LILY PONS LILY PONS SNOW LILY PONS	24 BABY BLUE	25 FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION
28 Highbridge Bluegrass Band	29 7 ZARK 7	30 Rounder Recording Artists... • BIG SHOULDERS •	31	

February

Saturday, February 1st... BLACK CAT BONE
 Friday, February 7th... GREGG HANSEN & THE AMERICAN REGGAE BAND
 Saturday, February 8th... GROOVEZILLA & SKELETON CREW
 Wednesday, February 12th... NONCHALANT
 Saturday, February 15th... H-BOMB FERGUSON AND THE BLUESMEN
 Friday & Saturday, February 21 & 22... METROPOLITAN BLUES ALL-STARS
 Wednesday, February 26th... BLUEBERRIES & FAT MAN'S DISCO
 Friday, February 28th... CANDY SAYS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BASH!

Live Music Starts at 6pm, featuring
THE METROPOLITAN BLUES ALLSTARS
 Drink Specials, Erin Go Braugh

WE'LL STAIN THE WALLS
WITH LOVE



LAUGHING HYENAS

BOGART'S/CINCINNATI/9-7-91

The cigarette smoke burned in my throat, the anticipation burned in my soul as I waited, my position held firm, for the first area performance since the band's breakup last year... the Second Coming of the Laughing Hyenas. Pagan god love welled up inside me as the four members took their places on the stage; my center tingled like an orgasm coming on.

"Here we go again," he sang, or rather screamed, at the sea of bobbing heads and incredible wild energy released and replenished, fed by the power of pain and tension and love and electricity and hate. Anger and idol worship made an unbearable blend; I was driven insane, front and center. John Brannon's awesome contemptuous presence loomed directly overhead, sweating hate, screaming the pain of love. I begged for his pain, longed for him to make good the threat in his eyes. Kick me, I'm within reach, don't tease me so. Bruise me with those boots, spit on me. Hate me like only you can, () Laughing One.

Pressed from behind by eight hundred sweating, flailing bodies, the entire hall my personal space invaded, my emotions made an exodus for the fire escape. Driven by the music... Kevin's haunting, evil bass, Larissa's shrieking feedback guitar, John's dark strained godlike voice from above saying "Wanted to cut you, show you how much I care", Jim's drums the only sanity, holding it all together, keeping the music

from exploding into emotional chaos...

I pounded the stage wall with possessed fists, the only relief from pain itself. The formidable man beside me was taking the Hyenas' communion as well: he reached out for his goddess, she winked a glassy eye and played to him a howling sermon, Scylla personified. The energy was too much, too real; I collapsed into a new wave of furious pounding and stomping, feeling with my heart every drum beat, every pluck of a bass string, and with my soul, every word and emotion: sacrifices to the gods. The band burst into a song I had all but forgotten, and the two of us "stained the walls with love."

The sea pressed on trying to force me into the very molecules of the wood making up the stage, trying to meld my body with those of fellow revelers, and I happily accepted the pressure. A thrill-seeker rose above the heads of the crowd, floating on the salt waves of sweat and blood, carried by the arms of the pit dwellers, slam dancers..

until anger and gravity brought him crashing down on the heads of chaos and splitting the sea where he fell to the bottom.

The band finished their set all too soon with terrible fury. Their black boots left the stage: the altar of emotional sacrifice, and I was left crushed, gasping, panicked once again that they might never return. My whole world was the Laughing Hyenas for sixty eternal minutes, and I wanted to burn in their hellfire forever.

I longed
for him
to make
good the
threat in
his eyes.
Kick
me,
I'm
within
reach,
don't
tease
me
so.



BY NICOLE BROWN

WAR ON EVERYONE!

ALTERNATIVE MUSIC MONTH 91!
MONDAY OCTOBER 28-THE WROCKLAGE!
"ALL I CAN REMEMBER IS THOSE EYES!"

GOODBULLIES!



MY FAVORITE BIT: HE
SETS A BABY-DOLL'S
HEAD ON FIRE...

USES THE BURNING
HEAD TO TORCH A
SKIN MAGAZINE...

THEN GRABS OLD
GLORY TO BEAT OUT
THE BLAZING SMUT!



FIN DE SIECLE AMERICA
IN A FRIGGIN' NUTSHELL!

THE BAND ROARED. THE DRY ICE FOG ROILED. WE WERE GRACED
WITH THE VISION OF LARGE WEIRD MEN DANCING. LAUGHING, WE
IMMANENTIZED THE ESCHATON. TOO BAD YOU PROBABLY WEREN'T
THERE TO SEE IT.



(2)

©1992 WOODENR

FIREHOSE At Tewligan's

Sunday, Sept. 22 with guests Run Westy Run
REVIEW & INTERVIEW BY HAP HOULIHAN

I don't consider myself a terribly discriminating concert-goer. If I enjoy the music and the sound is of a better quality than, say, a six foot high AM radio made in Brunel, you won't hear me complain. Still, seeing FIREHOSE at a "cozy" venue without having to compete for oxygen with 200 young toughs was very satisfying, and a first for this ol' boy.

Opening band Run Westy Run had a task in front of them as they took the stage: they had to impress a fairly small number of people, nearly all of whom were just itchin' to see FIREHOSE come alive. It was good to see that they were successful, thanks in small part to the fact that Housers Mike Watt and Ed FROMOHIO Crawford were at the front of the crowd, really diggin' the show. The main reason that the Westys were successful, however, is that they were truly doing it down home right. They played some loud, grungy numbers at the outset, getting the crowd offa their collective white asses. Amongst these two-guitar rippers they began to insert some other sounds, ranging from mod-psychadelia to humble (yet edgy), emotional Sadness. Versatility, talent, and fun are the reasons to check out Run Westy Run. You may have to look hard, but look for their releases, "Green Cat Island" on Twin/Tone and "Hardly Not Even" on SST.

When the 3 members of FIREHOSE went from spectators to "expected," the Sunday night don't-have-to-work-tomorrow-morning-or-screw-it-if-I-do crowd was ready. Bassist Mike Watt had left his bass in Knoxville the previous night, but he used the Westy's thunder-broom. Apparently, a Fender is a Fender to Watt, because the only thing missing was a "Hell-Ride" sticker on the stock - no audial discrepancies were detected, although he never broke a string, which was a new experience for me. The show went like this: goddamn music by people who love to play it and have been playing it for a long time.

Sorry, kids, I didn't have the presence of mind to write down the song order or get a set list, but don't jump me for that. I was having a good thyme. I can tell you they played everything I was most hoping to hear: "Me & you, Remembering," "Chemical Wire," "Brave Captain," "In My Mind," "Making the Freeway," "From One Cums One," and "Walking the Cow." After a short break, everyone from both bands hopped on stage for a slam-boom-pop rendition of Public Enemy's "Sophisticated Bitch," then continued jamming for another ten minutes. Finally, the Housers got on again for a couple more, and then started selling shirts.

If you ain't seen these guys before, or if you already know what I'm talking about, there's good news: a 7-song EP is expected in late November, all live, with covers of Superchunk, Public Enemy, Butthole Surfers, Wire, Blue Oyster Cult, and of course FIREHOSE tunes. But even a live album is no real substitute for seeing these folks in their element. Look for them to be spilieng again in the Spring.

Watt Makes a Man Start Fires?

Veteran Minutemen/FIREHOSE bassist Mike Watt talked with RiFLe's Hap Houlihan about Lexington, fallen comrade D. Boon, college, college radio, fraternities, punk rock, MTV, working for Columbia, Richard Hell, Madonna, bass, bass, bass, women, Daniel Johnston, shoe size, touring, the Grateful Dead, and more...

RiFLe: I'm talking with Mike Watt of FIREHOSE in Louisville, before the Tewligan's gig. . .

Mike Watt: On the 22nd.

RiFLe: On the 22nd of September. If I give you any questions that you don't want to answer, just let me know.

MW: What? Do the Ollie North?

RiFLe: Well, you can handle it a little better than Ollie North. I'm sure. I think it's gonna be packed tonight.

MW: Let's hope so. I don't take my audience for granted. I mean, it's a work night. But hey, we're gonna play a lot of new stuff, off [Flyin'] the Flannel, and the Westy's [Run Westy Run, the opening band from Minneapolis] are with us, good buds, really good band, and at the end, we're all gonna get on stage and play together. So it's gonna be not just a stock, Foghat kinda thing. I do try to play every gig like it's my last. Who knows when it will be? The D. Boon experience there, it's taught me.

RiFLe: Speaking of D. Boon, WRFL got a record a few months ago, the "Master of Degrees" soundtrack. Could you tell us something about that?

MW: OK, me and D. Boon were asked to make a soundtrack for a movie about seven or eight years ago, and we never got to make it. But the movie did come out, was made, eventually. These guys in San Francisco asked us, and we were very excited to do it - we'd never done a soundtrack - but, you know how things happened, and we didn't get to do anything. But I was still here, left, and I'm even in the movie. I appear in some guy's dream; I play a little bass lick. I guess his mom chews him out for something, for bein' a lazy good-for-nothing, and Watt comes to him in a dream. So it's kinda bizarre. But I've never seen the movie - I'd read the script.

It's kind of a scary thing: it's about college kids nowadays, and 'What do they have?' What do they have as a group of dudes, or even individually? What is there? Just make money? You know, there's a point in your life when you're not in the System, but you're not a kid anymore: there's something in the world that needs - that could be done. Now, that thing, especially in the Eighties, and now in the Nineties, this period has kinda castrated that whole part of youth. And one of the things that the movie is about is the way the kids try to come together: through the radio - the left end of the dial - really, it's the only sanctuary. It got totally co-opted, that whole idea of being intense for a little bit in your life: it got turned into a lifestyle, an 'Animal House,' Greeks, Beta, Theta, fuck, you know, whatever. Which to me is the most phony rock and roll band: a fraternity.

RiFLe: What's John Doe's character in the movie?

MW: I think he's working at the radio. He's one of these guys. I tell ya, the whole fabric got lost. I remember going to college in the late Seventies, and that's why I got into Punk Rock: because there was nothing there. There was no community for me. There was no fertilizer, man, for the mushrooms to grow, so to speak. It was terrible! It was the most sterile, neutered experience I ever had. I went to class, I got my degree, but I really felt cheated. Cause I grew up in the late Sixties (I mean, a lot of that was a farce, too, but at least something was rolling. . .)

RiFLe: . . . At least it was out in the open.

MW: . . . Yeah. So, basically, that's what that movie was about. And I wrote a song for them [the soundtrack].

RiFLe: "Max & Wells."

MW: Right. See, Max and Wells were the two main characters. There's a club in New Jersey, a punk club, it's called Maxwell's - you see where it came from.

RiFLe: Sure. Art imitates art.

MW: [Laughs] I mean, in a way, Punk Rock would have had to be invented somehow, even if it didn't come. Because there was a void, man. After Woodstock, and they commercialized rock and roll, and they commercialized the whole experience of taking things into your own hands. There was a huge vacuum, and it had to come. Nowadays, I could see the same thing. Now we have this MTV, and we automatically know what's hip now, right away, without even having to go through it ourselves (I mean, not me, I don't watch it, but I know young dudes)

I make videos. Because I know a lot of these kids will watch these things more than even hear. [Laughs]. We've been making these things since the early Eighties. But it's just part of this process of keeping people in their place, all separate, in 'houses,' neutered.

RiFLe: Voiceless.

MW: Voiceless, faceless. Like this word "Consumer," whatever the fuck that is. They invented it; they're keeping us in our bins.

RiFLe: I didn't know whether y'all did videos or not.

MW: "This Ain't No Picnic" was our first one, made for 400 dollars, 1983.

RiFLe: I can't say that I've ever seen that.

MW: Yeah, well, that's MTV for you. But it's been on a bunch. In fact, it was nominated for Best New Video 1983. Of course, it lost - to a band named, whatever, "Haircut," "Puff..."

RiFLe: So you see that medium as possibly a way of getting across?

MW: Well, we can't play all the towns. [Laughs] It's weird, as an art form, I mean for a guy who makes songs and plays. It's like giving somebody a bunch of songs, and saying, "Make an album for me!" You know what I mean, I don't shoot a camera, et cetera. It's really a proxy. But I've tried to have guys I've known for a long time to do them, and put trust in them. I think we've had a girl in ours once; this one guy put a girl in: a prostitute or something [Laughs]. I still think it's the worst way to know FIREHOSE or Minutemen.

RiFLe: When was your favorite time to be a musician?

MW: I've never considered myself a musician. On my work visa in Europe I put down "Entertainer." I've always had this thing against the idea of a 'musician,' because it really kept intimidating us as young guys; kept us in the bedroom, playing records instead of just going out there and writing our own songs. So I've really fought with that word, "Musician." My favorite period was playing with D.Boon. "Double Nickels" [on the Dime, 1984] was probably the best record I ever played on.

RiFLe: You were talking about Punk as a haven for the "misfits" in the Seventies. What else did it mean to you?

MW: Well, Punk was not... just a haircut and a way of playing guitar. It really wasn't that. It was an attitude, man, people could not fit in with the Seventies, just had to go on their own, just could not hang. And I still feel that today, whatever way the style manifests itself. I mean, it's as old as Woody Guthrie. People could not hang with the flow, with the mainstream. They just have to take it on their own. And I think it's a forever kind of thing.

RiFLe: Do you think Rap is emerging as that sort of thing, at least...

MW: ...For Black Man?

RiFLe: ...At least for Blacks?

MW: Uh huh. I see Punk Rock as like Rap in a lot of ways. Anybody could go up there. But on the other hand, it was like Punk where a bunch of con artists got involved, and started churnin' out the fat. Rap suffers from this just as much as Punk, maybe worse.

RiFLe: What's it like being on Columbia?

MW: Sony?

RiFLe: You call it what you want: I don't know the Japanese word for "Columbia."

MW: Well, look. You know what Watt is about. The guy who signed me was a college DJ. You got people working in the company who went to college on Minutemen. Maybe high school [Laughs]. And they knew what I was about. They knew about me and autonomy. I learned to make records on SST, and the idea of being free. And they've kept up to it, really. It's like an SST arrangement. I even recorded this record with my own money. Because I gotta be free. I didn't take any tour support. I didn't want any of the trappings of the Big Deal. If anything, just a little better distribution. And they so far have believed in me, trusted me. I also hired a "tense lady lawyer" [Laughs] to try to supply the leverage, because music is a small part of their company.

RiFLe: And getting smaller.

MW: Right, but if they want Watt to work for them, then they can trust him on things. I told them, they won't lose money on me. All my tours, all my records make money. I don't. I keep it at a level that I can keep my hands on it. These are the things Punk Rock, SST, Greg Ginn taught me. When 'they' say, "move on to another level," sometimes that just means "pay more people," and become part of the machine that just spits people out - young kids.

RiFLe: I wish everyone could have that freedom, I mean you've got the chance, but...

MW: But this is eleven years into it. "Flyin' the Flanner" is my fifteenth, sixteenth record. So I do have a road record, a track record, whatever.

RiFLe: What would you recommend to kids trying to break in now?

MW: Stick to your guns. The strongest thing you've got going for you is your personality, your individualism, you know what I mean? That is the strong point. Unless you're a clone kinda guy, and pay a lot of attention to Asia and Loverboy, and you'll be Firehouse.

RiFLe: And you'll make more money.

MW: You might, yeah, you might, you might. But I think it's more competitive. I mean, there you're competing at being the same. Whereas the other way, we're competing at being ourselves, which maybe is a little more natural. The bottom line is, the kids with the skateboards, they choose who they want to listen to, which is kinda neat. I mean, there's so much control over our lives. And in a way, you can say, "Well, they don't get to choose," because it's like an election: you only get to vote on the people they show you, right. But for dudes breaking into it, I say from my experience, be true to yourself. You have a good story. You have a fingerprint that's like no one else's. And if somehow you can get it to the people, that gives them confidence in their individual lives. I know weirdos like Richard Hell, and for a little while I guess Johnny Rotten, and Johnny Thunders, and just anybody who couldn't fit in, were kinda heroes to me 'cause they didn't fit in. ... And I think that's what Mister Sony looks for in me. Yeah.

RiFLe: Speaking of Richard Hell, who would you rather talk about these days: Dick Hell or Madonna?

MW: [Laughs] Well, in a lot of ways, I really look up to Madonna. I like the way she has no boss. I saw that movie, "Truth or Dare," and her manager trembling. That movie was made real bad, but has - she was intense. She had her manager shaking in his boots. I like that idea. She's nobody's puppet. And you gotta understand, Watt, you know, I gotta deal with the Eighties and Nineties - I cannot run away. But it's hard for me: she's my only connection in a lotta ways. As far as

Look for WRFL's Valentine's Day Giveaway Beginning January 20th!

Pat Gerhard (artist, entrepreneur, mother, denture wearer)
winner of "A Date With Sappy".



GOOD FOR

75

PUNKER
POINTS

RiFLe PROOF OF PURCHASE

being "Mersh," and grabbing these people by the horns, she's got a lot of courage, a lot of guts, and she doesn't take any crap. And I really admire her for that. And on top of it, she's a woman, huh?

RiFLe: She's that.

MW: Uh huh. You knew she was in a Punk band when she started?

RiFLe: It doesn't surprise me, but I didn't know that. What are some of your favorite newer bands breaking out?

MW: Superchunk, um, it's usually bands I play with - I don't watch the MTV - this is how I know bands. I like the "Run Westy's," I like Clockhammer, just played with them last night, great band. Who else do we play with that's young? I don't know, I like some of the old dudes, too, like the Meat Puppets and the Sonics. Oh! Blake Babies - we played with them. I like them; they're intense.

RiFLe: They just played in Lexington as part of 'RFL's Alternative Music Month.

MW: They got a great bass player, man. She has a strange voice.

RiFLe: Yeah, like a baby.

MW: [Laughs] But she's really intense, she's got a singular vision, man, all her own. Oh, love women bass players, man. I mean, being a guy who's been doing it for 20 years, there seems like something really lacking, it seems like I'm trying to out-guitar the guitarist. I want to get more in touch with the instrument. I think the instrument speaks way more to the pelvis than to the head, you know? And the women have that figured out way more than I do. I mean, my wife, Kira - she's a big bass hero. Kim Gordon, there's a lot of ladies I love when I see them play.

When I watch a band, right away, I try to identify. Well, the bass, that's where you put the lame guy when I was a kid. D.Boon's mom even played bass. The whole thing is, identify: "How's this guy getting his job done?" I see bass as skinning a cat - there's all these ways you deal: help make the guitar player look good; help make the drummer look good. So I do it: "How's this guy doin' it? He's doin' it this way, he's doin' it that way, he's letting the guy step on him this way [laughs].

RiFLe: Sort of his angle of attack?

MW: Attack, or defense, or prop. In another way bass is the most politically righteous of the instruments. It really is. I lucked into it. I would play nothing else. Maybe I'd get a sex-change operation, but I would not go over to guitar or anything. I write some songs on guitar, but the bass is politically righteous: I mean, you are a drum set, you are a guitar. People don't really know what you're supposed to be, so you're free. You're really free. Guitar player has a huge burden. The bass is neat. It's really neat. I was very lucky to happen into it.

RiFLe: Where is your bass? I noticed during sound-check you had another one.

MW: It's in Knoxville. It got left there, so maybe somebody'll drive it up or something.

RiFLe: Is the bass you were playing during check the other band's?

MW: That's Westy's. But see, a Fender is like [Watt's California hometown of San] Pedro: I put it on, and I don't have to look. Fender came up with a great, really great idea. They treated it as a kazoo for years. Real musicians wouldn't treat it as a real instrument. There's somethin' about it, there's somethin' about it.

RiFLe: How about Daniel Johnston? I noticed you did "Walking the Cow" [a cover of a Daniel Johnston tune] on "Flannel."

MW: I met him in Texas, maybe five years ago, and he gave me this tape, and that was one of the songs. Now,

he pounds on the organ [in the original version, found on the "Hi, How Are You?" album]. I kind of kept the words, but changed the music. But it was a song that - my stuff must seem very unfocused, disjointed, but it really isn't. It's very consistent (in my mind) [laughs]. And that song kinda said to me, "Watt, you fit," in a weird way; it spoke to me that way.

RiFLe: What's your favorite song on 'Flyin' the Flannel'?"

MW: "Losers, Boozers, and Heroes."

RiFLe: You wrote that with Raymond Pettibon.

MW: Raymond Pettibon, my good friend, my basketball partner. He's taught me more about politics than anybody. He's an intense, brilliant man. He graduated UCLA when he was nineteen, with an Economics degree. But he makes paintings. He's a great guy. Can't say enough good things about him. I finally, after all these years, got to make a song with him. And in a way, it's kind of a growth, it's a song I'd never written before. Some of those songs, I'd written before, you know what I mean? Sometimes, Watt builds Stratacombs. But I don't mean to, and that's why it's important for me to write a lot of music for people, to put real life in them. So that they're not just finger exercises. Jesus, sterile fusion or something.

RiFLe: Do you still like touring as much as when you first started?

MW: Yeah.

RiFLe: I mean, as you mentioned earlier, you like to play each gig as if it were your last.

MW: Right.

RiFLe: I wish to god everybody had that type of attitude.

MW: Well, maybe they need their good buddy to get killed to realize that we are not here forever. Like that Pete Townshend album cover, on the eggshells. It's called 'Who Came First.' That's what it is. I also think that the best way to know what I'm doing is to see me do it live. The records, the videos, kinda weak. You see me doin' it, I think you can understand a little better. So I have to go to your town. We made a live album. Well, not an album, but an EP, seven songs, about a month ago, it'll be out in two months. We got Butthole Surfers, that's another band I didn't mention, I like

them very much. Gibby's a great guy. His first Hollywood gig was opening for the Minutemen, years ago. We do one of their songs, we do a Blue Oyster Cult song, we do a Public Enemy song, we do a Wire song, we do a Superchunk song, and we do two originals.

RiFLe: What's your favorite shoe size, Mike Watt?

MW: Ten and-a-half. 'Cause it fits. But, I'll settle for eleven. Ten, no way.

RiFLe: Yeah, why bother with a smaller size? Go barefoot.

MW: Right. Oh, and Watt never wears socks. Ever. Yeah, too bad Kira don't have ten and-a-halfs, huh? Kira's got the ten and-a-half! [laughs] Remember that record? 'Kira's got the ten. . . .' [laughs]

RiFLe: Would you rather play a show where everyone already likes your stuff, or do one where you have to persuade them to like it?

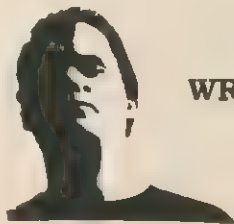
MW: Like opening for Living Colour at U.C. Davis? That happened to us once. Boy, what a struggle. But I like playing the schools, because I know these people are going to be the leaders. Or mainly, followers, but they're gonna be something. A lot of them are scared of clubs. You play at lunchtime, though - something to crack. . .

RiFLe: Expose yourself.

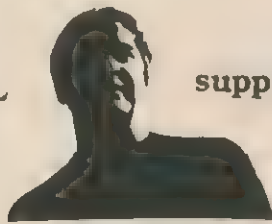
MW: That's right, and expose them to themselves. You know? Where they have to make up their own minds. They can't always look to their buds and say, "Is this good?" They have to decide, and so, like you're saying, what do I like better? Sometimes I like confronting them, making them look at themselves. So if I have to open for Living Colour at U.C. Davis for those MTV kids. In a way, maybe it's a more necessary gig. More vital.

RiFLe: You're not preaching to. . .

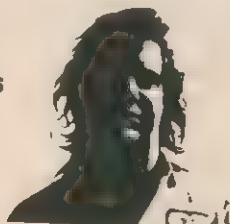
MW: . . . To the choir? So the saying goes. But there's a good thing about preaching to the choir, too, because music is about bringing people together. And sometimes dudes tell me that they see guys only at our shows. So in a way it's - I don't want to make it sound like a Grateful Dead show or anything, 'cause that's bizarre beyond belief: the psuedo-family thing. I'm not saying it's that, but it can be like a little signpost marker in the Big Journey, a FIREHOSE gig. [laughs]



WRFL



supports



Local



Music

Mon-Sat 11:00 AM to 9:30 PM

Sun 12:00 AM to 8:00 PM

BARRY T'S
254-8336

OVERSTUFFED SANDWICHES AND HOT DOGS

371 S. LIMESTONE ST.

BARRY T'S

overstuffed sandwiches and hot dogs

6" SANDWICH,
CHIPS, & 16 oz DRINK

\$3.99

Free Delivery - \$7.50 or more - Limited Area

Jazz & Blues Talkin' '91'

by Hazel E. Plummer

In 1991 Hazel's Jazz & Blues Flight interviewed many of the celebrated greats and some of the developing talents in the world of jazz and blues. Space does not permit sharing all of the interviews or even the entire interview but we think you will feel the essence. However, we know that you will hear and see more from all the talented artists we spoke with in "92" and beyond. The 90's will be the great decade of a great jazz and blues thing. Talkin' at you in 92.

-Hazel

LONNIE and RONNIE BAKER BROOKS

Alternative Music Month performers 10/91. Their current album "Satisfaction Guaranteed" is on the Alligator label

RiFLe- *How long have you been performing with your dad?*

RBB- I started touring with him in '86 but I wasn't playing then, I was doing roadie work for him and would come up and play one song a night. Around '87, '87. I started playing more in the band. You know I did that live album with him and I did couple of tracks on that one, and then officially I became his 2nd guitarist in August of '89.

RiFLe- *Did you always have aspirations of being a blues performer like your dad?*

RBB- Yeah, yeah, every since the time I seen him perform live I said that's what I wanted to do. You know I wanted to be like him. It was just something about it that captured me as a kid

RiFLe- *Did you take formal lessons?*

RBB- My dad, he taught me. He gave me the basis when I was a kid and I took a few lessons when I was young but I didn't keep up with the lessons. I got into another sport- basketball. It kind of broke my dad's heart. [laughs] But, I got back into it. All the stuff I learned he showed me and then after I got to where I had an idea. I got to learn from other musicians then

RiFLe- *When you listen to blues who do you listen to?*

RBB- It varies. I listen to a lot of blues artists- Elmore James, Albert Collins, Albert King, B.B. King, I love Freddy King, Stevie Ray Vaughn, I listen to a lot of Stevie Ray Vaughn, some Hendrix, but

it varies, you know. I listen to a lot of different blues, a lot of different music period.

RiFLe- *I would like to address your concert audience. When you go to a blues concert and I imagine in many cities, the African-American audience is not there. Why are they not there?*

RBB- Mainly, this is my... this is what I think of it. Mainly it's not on main radio. I mean they are not hearing blues on the main radio stations you know. And the black people are coming to hear what's on the radio. We are not getting that much airplay. I believe that there's a lot of perceptions about it. I hear they are ashamed of it for some reason. But a lot of them that come to our show, they think that it's going to be like, Oh my baby left me [deeper slow voice] but after they leave it's like wow! I didn't know that it was like that

RiFLe- *Very uplifting?*

RBB- Yeah. Lots of different reasons but mainly I think its radio and what's on the radio, that's what they are into.

RiFLe- *Do you think having a new generation performer who is young, vibrant, and good looking before the public will help to continue the blues tradition among African-Americans?*

RBB- I don't know, I hope so. I don't know, it depends. I don't know, that's a good question. But I hope so, it depends. I hope they don't forget, because it's our heritage. We need to support our heritage, music. Don't let it get lost.

RiFLe- *Here comes dad*

RBB- Here comes dad. [laughs] Have a seat, Daddy.

RiFLe- *How do you enjoy performing with your son?*

LB- Oh, I love it. To have my two sons out with me, it feels like when they were real small and I was playing with them on the floor.

RiFLe- *Is the other guitar player your son also?*

LB- Yeah.

RiFLe- *What's his name?*

LB- Wayne. [Wayne was on stage tuning guitars and checking equipment during sound check] He plays in the band, [points at Ronnie] and the other one just sits in sometimes.

RBB- But he's coming along. He's doing what I used to do.

RiFLe- *I was asking Ronnie about the African-American tradition and supporting blues. We don't see a lot of African-Americans in the audience. Why is that and what can we do to bring more African-Americans out?*

LB- Well I think that a lot of the younger generation of black people want to make money and they feel they can't make money off of blues. Now that they see that money can be made you see a few of them trying. And I think if you can get blues off the ground a little bit more and get to the bigger radio stations kids would like it as much as any other stuff. I think that the people are liking the stuff they hear the most. They can only hear the blues sometimes, maybe once a week, maybe one hour or something like that on some of the station and that ain't enough. We need radio stations to play blues just like they play rock or rap music. part of the reason why some of the African-Americans left it [blues] is because they feel that they want to be a big star. They want to be like Stevie Wonder, like Ray Charles or somebody, or James Brown. So, they go to the thing they feel that they can make a lot of money out of. It's not that they don't like the music, but they feel it's held back and can't make any money. And so, the only ones that are still sticking with us are the ones that really love it and don't want to sell out.

RiFLe- *Well it's nice to see that your sons are continuing the blues tradition, kind of like the Marsalis family.*

LB- Well, see, my grandfather, he was a musician. He took it as far as he could get it, to play on the air, on the radio, and I took it a little further than he did, and I think my sons can take it a little bit further than I can take it.



DIANNE SCHUUR

Dianne Schuur was the opening performer for U.K.'s 14th Annual Spotlight Jazz Series. We talked with Schuur backstage in her dressing room following her rehearsal and sound check with U.K.'s award winning Jazz Ensemble 10.9. To our surprise we found the ensemble along with director Miles Osland finishing up dinner with Schuur in her dressing room.

RiFLe- *How did the Jazz Ensemble arrive in your dressing room?*

DS- By invitation of course (laughs).

RiFLe- *Is it difficult to do a show with a university ensemble with only a couple of hours of rehearsal before the show?*

DS- It wasn't difficult today because they were wonderful. All of them were just super and I just love... It's one of the best university bands I've worked with really, and I've worked with a lot.

RiFLe- *With the death of Miles, Stan, Stan Getz and others do you feel any special burden as far as carrying on the jazz tradition?*

DS- I wouldn't say it's a burden. It's quite an awesome thing to carry on the tradition you know or try to anyway. I'm having a lot of fun doing it actually.

RiFLe- *You have always been very stylish but you've taken on an even more gorgeous look with your weight loss. For those of us who fight the weight loss battle, what was your secret?*

DS- Well, I went on the NutraSystem diet and drank lots of water, made many trips to the restrooms, and just tried to modify my eating habits basically. It's a hard thing to do when you're traveling a lot and you got good corn pudding from Kentucky

(Laughs). It was good too. It's a challenge, I try to work out as often as I can and all that kind of thing. My lowest weight was 118, that was way too low. So now I've climbed up, I'm in the 30s now. I want to try to maintain and get NO larger than 135, and if I can, stay between 130, 135. If I get below that's fine, but I want to try and maintain a realistic weight; what my body's comfortable with.

RiFLe- *Do you have any final word that you would like to leave our jazz and blues audience with?*

DS- I love your state of Kentucky. I got here

yesterday. I won't be staying long but it's been very hospitable and I think we're going to have a really fun time tonight.

Dianne Schuur's current album is **Pure Schuur** on the GRP label. Her new album is due out in February.

The University of Kentucky Jazz Ensemble's current album on CD is "Cruisin'."

FOR THE FACES AND SOUNDS OF JAZZ



**HAZEL'S JAZZ &
BLUES FLIGHT**
2-5 PM-SUNDAY-88.1 FM

You need to be told what to like



*Prof. Tread and Bro. George shown here with bribe booty they received from big time movie studio!
Consequently they loved both films!*

so shut up & listen ...



Spring Semester, 1992

Defining Our Terms

BEAT BASH

Contemporary Dance & Club Music

BLUE YODEL CAFE

Bluegrass, Folk, & Mountain Music

CATACOMBS

Music from the Underground of Rock

CHRISTIAN ROCK

A Sampling of Christian Music

COOL RUNNIN'S

Reggae & World Beat Music

ENTROPIC SYMPHONIES

Heavy Metal

FRESH TEST

Hip-Hop & Rap Music

JAZZ & BLUES FLIGHT

Vintage & Modern Jazz & Blues

HOT BURRITO

Past & Present Country-Rock

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Music from Local & Regional Artists

JAZZ LUNCH

Assorted Jazz and Blues

JOCK'S CHOICE

DJ Selects Favorite Artists at Noon

LOW DOWN BLUES

Delta, Classic & Urban Blues

METAL MORTUARY

Heavy Metal

PSYCHEDELICATESSEN

Past & Present Psychedelic Music

ROCKABILLY RULES

Past & Present Rockabilly Music

THE SACRED & THE SECULAR

Renaissance & Classical Music

SPEAK NO EVIL

Instrumental Music from All Genres

THOUGHT CRUSADE

Punk, Hardcore & Thrash

UNIVERSAL RHYTHM ZONE

Vintage 70's Funk & Soul

VERBS OF POWER

Hip-Hop and Rap Music

WOMEN'S MUSIC SHOW

Women's Music from Different Genres

WORLD SOUNDS

International Musics

88.7 All the Way to the Left.

**24-HOUR
REQUEST
LINE**

257-WRFL

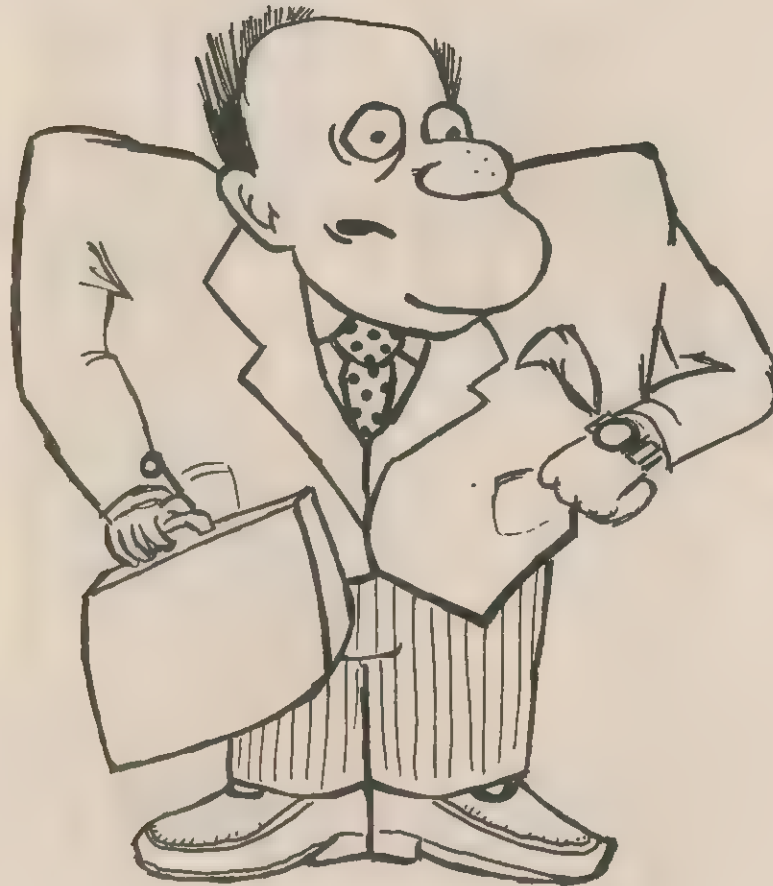
Children under 16, ask your parents first before dialing

U.K. STUDENT RADIO

WRRF Program Schedule

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
2am - 6am	Todd Hiett	Thom Ontko	Tobias Knight	Lin Teachey	Joe Turner	Universal Rhythmic Zone	Byl Hensley
6am - 8am	Mark Patrick	Bruce Soward	Harry Pierpont	Lamont Cranston	Doug Saretsky	Rod Lindauer	Christian Rock Amy & Tanya
8am - 11am	Nicole Van Alstine	Tommy Miller	Marinus Van der Lubbe	John Kuczwara The Sacred & the Secular	Bob Guccione III	Joe Levinson	Aaron Lee
11am - 2pm	Albert Hoffman	Dan McBrayer Cinema Sights Jeff Holland Rockabilly Rules!	Sadie Mae Glutz	Jazz Lunch J.T. & Dave	Diane Pipes	Blue Yodel Radio Time Cafe Alan & Ephraim	Hot Burrito Matt & Rob
2pm - 5pm	Wyn Morris	Zale Schoenborn	Tony Mesmer ALBUM FEATURE	George Adamski	Matt's Metal Mortuary	Low-Down Blues Jack Kirk	Hazel's Jazz & Blues Flight
5pm - 8pm	J.J. Haws		Mark Tarter	Hap Houlihan	Steve Daniels IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD	BEAT BASH Jim & Ed	Lori & Bambi Women's Music
8pm - 11pm	Amy Boucher	Cool Runnings B.J. Jimenez	Susan Eubank JOCK'S CHOICE	Jim Shambhu	David King	Mick Jeffries speak no evil	WORLD SOUNDS Bill Verble Cinema Sights
11pm - 2am	Entrepre Symphonies Will & Wayne	Fresh Test Harck & Rags	CATACOMBS Bill & Shawn	THOUGHT CRUSADE Pat Thielges	Psychadelic Catagessen Mary Jane & The Captain	Verbs of Power Rob	Mary Burt ALBUM FEATURE

WHAT LEXINGTON NEEDS



Lexington... what a town. What a lousy town. You know, this town needs a few things. I listened to the bums around WRFL and a few suggestions surfaced. Lexington needs a toxic waste dump with an overnight depository. Lexington needs a full scale tank assault on Hamburg place, and it's own show like "Cops" but for the UK police and PPD. Lexington needs signs on the outskirts saying "Abandon all hope, all ye who enter here- next six exits." Lexington needs gophers all over UK's campus- and they need a union. Lexington still needs an enema. Lexington needs theme music with the seventies "wow-wow" noise in it. Lexington needs wig and novelties, and it's own Navy. Lexington needs strip mining at Calumet. Lexington needs a vaccine for the Nellie virus. Lexington needs redneck bashing. Lexington needs 18-wheeler "chicken" matches downtown. Lexington needs more cops with worse attitudes, that deal drugs like in "Bluegrass Conspiracy". Lexington needs a violent insurrection of leftist rebels with a particular morbid fetish for killing off government officials who wear ties that look like carpet patterns. Lexington needs weekly to-the-death matches between a randomly chosen deadhead and a randomly chosen skinhead. Lexington *still* needs the

Kentucky Theatre back. Lexington needs it's ass kicked. Lexington needs yuppie-hunting licenses. Lexington needs a crisco-coated fist. Lexington needs more original horse names. Lexington needs a banking infrastructure, and fewer Webb Brothers signs. Lexington needs fewer Nirvana fans. Lexington needs to be TOPS on the most average towns in America... fuck all these others! Lexington needs to go to driving school, or I need to equip my car with LAW rockets. McAlpins needs to just publish a damn newspaper of their own. Lexington needs to extradite Wilson Phillips for high aural treason and send him to a clear plexiglass gas chamber with full pay-perview coverage. Lexington needs to give PPD a job involving Plutonium. Lexington needs to learn how to pronounce french names of suburbs. Lexington needs to crown to the Queen of Shit. Lexington needs to make a rug out of Wallace Wilkinson, or to just remage UK "Camp Wally" and put up signs saying "arbeit macht frei" on the gates. Lexington needs to just auction off it's public offices, anyway. Lexington needs a Museum of Modern Roadkill. Lexington needs a 24 hour clam bar with beer and a laundromat. Lexington needs better taste. Lexington needs more parking. Lexington needs to be my "previous address".

IN the Neighborhood



FOR THE *BEST* in LOCAL MUSIC...

Every Friday night 6:00 to 7:30

PAUL K

AN INTERVIEW WITH KAKIE URCHI
TRANSCRIBED BY AMY BOUCHER

Paul K is a Lexington musician and songwriter who has been active in the area's music scene for several years. He performs as a solo act, with his group the **Weathermen** (also including Tim Welch on drums & Steve Poulton on bass) and a local country outfit called **Green Glass Bottles**. He released a CD as a solo performer, *The Big Nowhere*, in the fall of 1991 and plans to release a full length CD with the Weathermen in the spring of 1992 on Homestead Records. Other future projects include a Weathermen record to be released on their own label, Commission Recording, another solo record, and possibly a single with the Weathermen for Widely Distributed Records; the goal being, as he says, "to get our name in every magazine from here to hell." Currently, he is part of an eight-act package tour of singer/songwriters in Europe and will return in mid-February, when he will begin playing some dates nationally with the Weathermen.

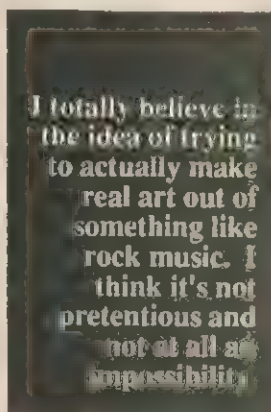
Paul K has had many setbacks in his long musical career, but has never become discouraged enough to stop. "The reason I keep doing it is because it's still a lot of fun, even though it's a big pain in the ass a lot of the time. I've tried to stop before and it's just in my blood. I seem to be pretty good at it, and that's the second reason why I keep doing it... I totally believe in the idea of trying to actually make real art out of something like rock music. I think it's not pretentious and not at all an impossibility... it doesn't have to rub against the other more primal aspects of rock music. I think it can be high art and I totally believe in it. (I'm) making enough records and doing enough shows to live, so I'm still doing it."

However, he feels that he has had more success as a musician outside of Lexington: "Out of town, quite honestly, has always been better for us. We've been around here for a long time and have never had that big of a following- a pretty small, pretty devoted following. We do a little bit better in Lexington recently, but out of town (response) has gotten better by a large increment."

Some dates that the Weathermen will play in late February include a show at the Knitting Factory in New York, as well as dates in Columbus and Chicago.

As well as being a prolific songwriter, with a backlog of 200-300 songs demo-ed over the years, Paul K has recently been involved with another musical project, **Green Glass Bottles**. "That's a country band that we've formed... I sing and play acoustic, Steve Poulton plays bass, and Bill Cumberton plays mandolin- that's the core. Tim Welch sometimes plays keyboards and sometimes we get another guitarist, but not drums. It's

supposed to be kind of a quiet group- we play a lot of old country like Merle Haggard, Gram Parsons, and Johnny Cash as well as some originals. We get a lot of gigs but we don't apply all that much of ourselves to it. Eventually maybe we could do a lot more originals and make it a lot more



serious."

As for other area bands, he admits that there are not many he's familiar with- "I've listened to very few of them, not out of any distaste, but because I don't listen to very much music at all. I read a lot and this band stuff takes up a tremendous amount of time. I think Tim (Welch's) band, **Strictly Wet**, is pretty descent and I think the **Blueberries** are pretty good. Those are the ones I know well enough that I like."

The time that Paul K spends reading, in particular the crime novels of James Elroy, Raymond Chandler, and Elmore Leonard, has been an inspiration for recent songs: "I find these crime novels very inspiring- I find it easy to write songs dealing with some of the same

subjects, plus alot of them just have great titles you can use." In fact *The Big Nowhere* is the title of a recent novel by James Elroy, whom he considers "the best of the lot right now."

The work of Raymond Chandler was an inspiration for the Weathermen record which will be coming out soon. It has all these Chandler derivitive song titles and songs- *The Killer in the Rain* is the title of the record and a short story. "The Long Goodbye" is sweet and pretty and closes the album. *The Long Goodbye* is Chandler's masterpiece- he wrote it while his wife was dying and it's really complex as far as detective stories go, but invested with all this beautiful sadness- his language is totally beautiful. Elroy is the first guy to come along since Chandler to write detective or thriller plots with that kind of complexity but also that level of artistry. Elmore Leonard has that kind of artistry, but he really doesn't write detective novels. (His books) are like revenge or wanted-man type stories. He's my third big influence- there's a tribute to him on *The Killer in the Rain* called 'Dear Dutch.' "He's from Detroit (Paul K's hometown) and he's cool as hell."

Most of these songs were written some time ago and yet I still can't say exactly what they are about. I know that this is American music and I hope it is worthy of the tradition that has produced such great blues, folk, jazz, and - yes - rock 'n roll over the years in our fallen fortress. I come from a place that is dark and violent. An economic jungle. A place founded by the low life of Europe hounded and chased into exile. It is often hard for me to understand how such people could come to dominate the world's politics and commerce (even if only for a short time, a time that is now past) and at the same time offer up Phillip Marlowe, King Kong, and Elvis for the general joy of everyone. I know it has something to do with the relationship of creativity to desperation. The transformation of pain into beauty. This process has never been satisfactorily explained to me, but I have glimpsed its gears turning while I squatted in a windowless abandoned tenement on Avenue C, bought junk in Harlem, and counted out precious cigarettes in a Cincinnati jail cell. I hope I can conquer my fear enough to learn much more about it. Until that time, here is my progress report...

-Paul K, Liner notes to *The Big Nowhere*



Lexington's Long Awaited Wake-

From the CODA horse's mouth-

Byl Hensley
RiFLe Staff Reporter

Whether we know it or not, Lexington is about to be put on the musical map. That is, if CODA Records has anything to say about it, which over the last year, they've proven they do.

CODA began as a means of recording the first CD of owner Dave Angstrom's band Black Cat Bone, but has since expanded its scope & as a result, its impact on Lexington music.

With the rights to that first CD bought out and a contract signed with a larger label, Black Cat Bone is well on their way, yet CODA Records remains fearlessly dedicated to nurturing local talent.

Aside from the release of 10 Foot Pole's highly successful debut CD last summer (which stayed in WRFL's top spot for several weeks), CODA has since coordinated the first recording of live Lexington music since the much heralded Splat Records Compilation seven years ago.

Bigger Than YOU was a three night recording session at the Wrocklage featuring 17 bands that has resulted in one of the most exciting music releases in Lexington history.

Having taken on A&R rep Hap Houlihan, CODA appears set for the long haul, with *Bigger Than YOU* slated for commercial release by January 20 (tentatively, Houlihan cautions).

Seeing the work CODA is doing as "giving something back" to the scene, Hap points to the label's attempts to move their bands on to larger audiences, which has included recording demos for 10 Foot Bone to distribute.

"Even though CODA is a label & most labels don't look around for their clients to get signed to *other* labels, we're in the launching-pad-label business," he says.

He believes *Bigger Than YOU* is "a good opportunity to have a CD with some of the best bands in Lexington, because it's almost ridiculous to think that the large percentage of these bands could suddenly afford to put out their own CD. So having one song on these is going to be helpful for them *and* hopefully put Lexington on the musical map."

While decent retail sales of the CD would help to make CODA less of a charity, the actual costs of pressing the CD were almost met through the live gigs last October, which packed the Wrocklage, ending out WRFL's Alternative Music Month celebration.

"It's great that the club scene is fairly well-supported," Houlihan says, "even though there are only two clubs that do anything for local music. Lexington's not huge, but we've got a good burgeoning music scene & this CD will help to keep it burgeoning & maybe start the countdown for its skyrocketing."

Once *Bigger Than YOU* hits the shelves in January, CODA will begin national distribution as Houlihan describes: "We have a decent relationship with three distributors, not huge ones, but two out of Chicago and one in New Jersey that will help cover ground way out of here. As far as local distribution, it will be me talking to stores."

Many of the smaller independently owned stores in region (Bear's Wax, Cut Corner, Ear Xtacy, Wizards, etc.) will be targeted by CODA, which feels that "big labels overlook 'Mom & Pop' stores & they're screwing themselves."

"Small stores," Houlihan says, "are definitely the way to go, especially for small labels."

-Up Call

Of the 1000 CDs slated for distribution, around 300 will be sent out to radio stations, other labels, industry rags, & other promotional outlets. As I was saying earlier, Lexington, thanks to CODA & perhaps some strategic label-baiting from RFL's music department, is about to draw some attention to itself.

So what else is in the fire for CODA after *Bigger Than YOU*'s release? Houlihan says to expect a second full-length release from 10 Foot Pole this summer and guesses "we'll be signing someone else in '92," although not in the immediate future.

Meanwhile, Black Cat Bone prepares for their second release, this one on Chameleon Records, Paul K & the Weathermen look towards a spring debut on Homestead, Disdain is expected to release a split 7", and Strictly Wet will soon be releasing an independent CD produced by Dave Barrick.

Looks as if CODA is realizing the results they hoped for with *Bigger Than YOU*... Lexington bands taking their music to the studios, the streets and the airwaves, seeking the recognition their music deserves.

"I'd like to thank everyone involved, which is a goddamn big number," says Houlihan, "and wish everybody luck who played on the CD & tell the people that no matter what kind of music they like, there's something on there for them & it won't be too expensive."



P.O. Box 11392 • Lexington, KY 40575 • 806-233-7818

Bigger Than YOU

A COMPILATION OF LEXINGTON BANDS

As the summer of 1991 came to a close, David Angstrom of Coda Records was thinking about getting some local bands together to do some jammin' while sound-wiz Dave Barrick recorded the whole thang from his mobile studios. He knew it would be a lot of work, but figured it would also be a lot of fun. Putting the work in the back of his mind and the fun up close to where he could taste it, he started making some calls.

On the last weekend of October, a butt-load of local talent congregated at the Wrocklage and played some music in front of lotsa Lexington area fans. Barrick's big truck full of equipment, otherwise known as Reel-Time Mobile Studios, was there to capture the noise. WRFL and SoundVision Musical Enterprises were invaluable in helping Coda and the Wrocklage put the word on the streets.

Between the time Strictly Wet commenced a-groovin' on Friday, and the time Stranglmartin slammed their last chord home on early Monday morn, the Wrocklage stage had felt the presence of seventeen bands (meaning 65 musicians, over 200 guitar strings, etc., etc.). Soon after the music was over, Daves Angstrom and Barrick locked themselves in that big truck and began to mix down over 250 minutes of tunes for the mastering of a one-hour CD.

Bigger Than YOU is that CD, and at least 1000 of those suckers will be sold and/or promotionally distributed throughout the U.S. to let folks know that Lexington, KY is a damn fine place to catch top-flight alternative, country, fusion, groove, metal, punk, rock, or whatever else you're into. Of course, *YOU* probably knew that. But this is bigger than *YOU*.

Bigger Than YOU \$ A COMPILATION OF LEXINGTON BANDS

1. Intro
2. Idiot Box "Crush"
3. Blueberries "Scaffold Cane"
4. Mr. Yuk "Leadbottom"
5. Stranglmartin "Aminal"
6. 10 Foot Pole "Killing Me Dude"
7. Candy Says "Like I Do"
8. Strictly Wet "T.C.B"
9. Gnarly Love "Imp Of Perverse"
10. Disdain "Change Tomorrow"
11. Paul K & The Weathermen "Little David"
12. Loophole "Relapse"
13. Skeleton Crew "In The Mirror"
14. Groovezilla "Our Time"
15. City Slickers "Whisky-Colored Glasses"
16. Lilypons "Get It Up"
17. Black Cat Bone "Dream"

PRODUCED BY
DAVID ANGSTROM
& DAVID BARRICK



© 1991 Coda Records CD6893 Unauthorized Duplication Is A Pooty Thing To Do.
Coda Records P.O. Box 11392 Lexington, Ky 40575-1392
Coda Records, Inc. 9 Island Road North Oaks, Mn 55127

"I'M MADDER THAN A 96 YEAR OLD WITH A SAGGY UNDERGARMENT"

I say we blow up the sun and get it over with. This is just the start, here are some more things that I think should happen if this were

MARKY'S AMERIKA.

1. I should be king, so then I could nuke them damn commies.
2. Graceland will get blown to bits; to hell with rock n' roll and all those "long hairs".
3. I'd revoke all the green cards and get the "wetbacks" across the border where they belong.
4. The "Law of the West" would be renewed, and capital punishment on the streets will be legal, so you can shoot all the commies and hippies you want.
5. All the dogmeat chink restaurants will be demolished to make way for micky-D's.
6. All the taxes that come out of your paycheck will go directly to me for my own personal use.
7. Parking fines will be doubled for commies, and tripled for diplomats.
8. There will be a roast in every pot and three women for every man. (men need at least three women to be complete)
9. Everyone who owns a Jap. car will be shot, because they're taking jobs away from hard workin' Amerikans (therefore they must be commies)



Vegetarians should be shot.

The meat industry is under attack by a bunch of commies claiming to be "animal rights activists". the way I see it, is that if the animal is stupid enough to not have the technology to combat us humans so that they won't be eaten, hell they deserve to die.

Throughout history people have eaten meat and no one has complained until now. WHY? Because the communists have infiltrated the Amerikan society with spies who are trying to brainwash meat lovin' Amerikans into thinking that killing animals to survive is wrong

Their reason for turning our country against meat is to undermine the industry into bankruptcy leaving thousands of hard workin' Amerikans without jobs, and vulnerable to communist plays. I think the government should send a task force out to kill all vegetarians, even the Amerikans because they're future communists

YOU SHOULD KNOW

We (Lexington) are lucky enough to have a couple of clubs that dish out some monster bucks to bring to town what is considered (in some circles) "Progressive Music". When I go to a club and see only ten people there for a show that's guaranteed to beat anything your going to see locally, I get kinda mad.

Hell why go see a "once in a lifetime" national act when you can see any one local band twice in the same weekend. I'm not saying that you shouldn't support local music, but if no one goes to see the bands that cost \$6 cover, their frequency in Lexington will dwindle to nothing but the old standbys. UNDERSTAND?

**ALL OR NOTHING
THRIVING OR STAGNANT
YOU CHOOSE**

MARKY'S COMMIE POLL

(CHECK ONE BOX)

☐

YES! I agree with Marky that we should just go on over to Russia and nuke 'em while they're confused

☐

NO! I do not believe that nuclear weapons should be used on Russia, but they could come in handy when the poor in this country become unruly.

clip and send to: Marky's Amerika, c/o WRFL University Station Lex., Ky. 40506

WRFL HOMES SECTION

"It truly is... la dolce vita!"

This not-quite-palatial, eleven room house on Lincoln Avenue is just a drunken stagger away from Henry Clay's house.

"In such a savage world, comfort is... well, unnatural. Everything about the place is unnatural," claims Rod Lindauer, DJ of the wildy popular 6 to 8 Saturday morning show. (Formerly the Jed McClure Narcolepsy Shift.)

Desecrated in early neo-modern poor white trash urban decay, the front lawn sports a variety of vehicles, one of which serves as an opulent guest 'cabana'. "The greasy, metallic fruits of my loins" brags Rod, with a loving look in his eyes. The next door neighbors seem to share his love of automotive lawn ornaments; they further the theme with a variety of Trans-Ams.

In fact, the whole neighborhood is chock-full of nice folks who share in the wild n' wacky antics of 225 Lincoln Avenue. Being of the neighborly persuasion, the kind old lady across the street keeps a close eye on the house. We speculate that she's just checking to make sure that all is well here. Rod, however, believes that she waits at her screen door in her pink bathrobe to catch a lust-filled glimpse of his nakedness as he gets the mail or paper.

There is a free-and-easy, laid back attitude here. The house itself is a quirky fixer-upper: they expect to have the furnace fixed by mid-spring. A bustling household of five, plus the occasional friendly vagrant here and there, it lends itself to a diversity of lifestyles. From several houses away, music can be heard almost continually, ranging from the Ramones-meets-Skinyard thrash of Doug's guitar to the angst-filled lament of Tom Waits wafting from Rod's stereo. The only things that one can bet on here are dirty dishes and a waiting line for the bathroom, and perhaps slightly above average share of alcohol abuse. The only hard and fast rule is that dish towels are strictly forbidden; the curtains are to be used instead.

Tours are now available for a small fee. Arrive before noon, though, and you're dead meat- except, of course, if you swing by with some malt liquor and a box of Mr Bubble!



Lexington-Fayette Urban County Government

Copy, no. & mailing date: 03878 12/20/91
Latest date for compliance: 1/05/92
Time up date: 1/03/92

40504-0228

Dear Sir or Madam:

Pursuant to Section 16-31 of the Code of Ordinances, Lexington-Fayette Urban County Government, and KRS 261.770, you are hereby notified that the nuisance at: TRANS AM VEHICLE, 225 LINCOLN AVENUE, LEXINGTON, KY 40504, is in violation of Section 16-30 and/or 16-31 of the Code of Ordinances. Lexington-Fayette Urban County Government currently exists at the property known as: 225 LINCOLN AVENUE.

- (1) Summons you to court for the violation of a misdemeanor with a penalty of not less than \$25.00 nor more than \$500.00 and each day a continuance of any such nuisance or violation shall be a separate offense. Each day the nuisance remains after notice shall constitute a separate offense for which the maximum fine may be imposed and/or
- (2) The Urban County Government may proceed to abate the nuisance. The actual cost may constitute a lien against the property.
- (3) In the event the property upon which the nuisance is not made readily accessible for abatement upon request of the code official, the Urban County Government may proceed to abate the nuisance as provided in Section 1 of this notice. The Urban County Government a Commissioner of Finance will send you a bill for the cost of abatement which will include an administrative fee of \$75.00. If the bill is not paid within two (2) weeks following the mailing, a notice of lien claimed by the Urban County Government for the cost of abatement will be filed against the property in the Office of the Clerk of the Fayette County Court. In the event the property is the subject of litigation, the lien may be filed immediately upon the mailing of the bill.

In order to avoid unnecessary complications, including possible criminal sanctions, and the nuisance of this property with a lien please take immediate steps to comply with this demand for abatement. If you have any questions concerning this notice, please contact the Nuisance Abatement Section in the Division of Property Management at 1555 Old Frankfurt Pike Lexington Ky 40504 phone 465-254-567.

DESCRIPTION: LANE 2
PANE VEHICLE & FORCE LUBBER
SUL. DATES: CORP. ALL

Sincerely,
Charles Foster
Nuisance Abatement Officer

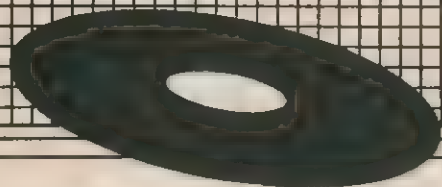
1555 Old Frankfurt Pike

Lexington, Kentucky 40504

(606) 254-3901

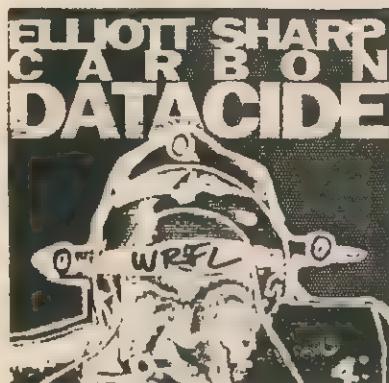


Surveying the Damage



twirling and whirling
of simulated music

-Byl Hensley



Carbon *Datacide*

Enemy Records: 11-36 31st Ave., L.I.C. NY 11106

If you like your jazz with a biting edge, the new Carbon CD *Datacide* will tear into you like a 50 gigabyte pavement saw through John Zorn. Featuring a talent density higher than an alloy of Last Exit & Naked City, Carbon's augmented percussion punches come from the computer sampling & drums of both Samm Bennett (Chunk) & David Linton, assisted by the reverberated screech of Zeena Parkins' *electric* harp. The hair-splitting(raising) edge to this jazz bastard of tribal & industrial origins is Elliot Sharp on doubleneck bass/guitar., one of (if not *the*) most talented musicians playing in the world today. Carbon, in effect, in three parts percussion & one part Elliot Sharp, known to play bass & lead guitar simultaneously.

Time seems to bend for Sharp: his speed & dexterity are handled with such overwhelming control - hyperreality welded to the total "feel" of the music. Carbon is one of the most supra-sensual experiences a human can have. Sharp seemingly copulates with his music, exerting immense physical energy as the percussive elements pound & grind. Pointing to specific tracks would be futile, all 18 cuts are original, all bite through your eardrum with a distinct saw pattern. If you see *Datacide* in these parts, get it... otherwise order it.



Jim Carroll *Praying Mantis*

Giant Records: 345 N. Maple Dr. Suite 205, Beverly Hills,
CA 90210-3855

A disturbingly beautiful collection of ad-libbed monologues from NYC's orphan poet. Recorded at St. Mark's Church as part of its ongoing Poetry Project, this collection boasts some of Carroll's most moving pieces, spanning all three of his books of poetry and five new pieces.

Carroll's forthright, yet diminutive, delivery transforms the grotesque banality of the Lower East Side into powerful reaffirmations of life. Speaking on the hypocrisy of the N.E.A., Nietzsche, heroine addicts, performance art with roaches, prostitutes, hostages, fear of sun & whiteness, and even crabs, Carroll transforms each into a sublime celebration of life. *Praying Mantis* is a valuable document of Jim Carroll's poetic skill, both written and spoken.



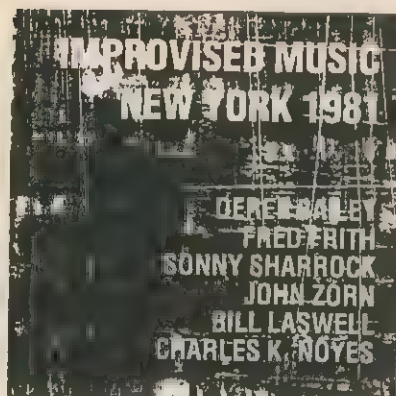
The Ukrainians (Wedding Present) *Ukrainians*

Cooking Vinyl: P.O. Box 1741, London W9 3LA

Now here is my idea of "cross-over" success: the Wedding Present (gods of British, angst-ridden strumcore) faithfully covering traditional Ukrainian folk standards.

Under the guidance of guitarist Peter Solowka on balaika & David Gedge singing in the traditional tongue, the Ukrainians incorporate an accordion and flute-derivative wind instruments into their repertoire, taking liberties with the tempo of two of the four tracks. The true beauty is how (via building percussion, clapping & traditional expletives) the transition from Ukrainian folk to British thrash is virtually seamless. The other two faithfully covered standards are a tribute to both Ukrainian culture & the dedication the

Wedding Present brings to the project.



Improvvised Music New York 1981

MuWorks Records: 111 4th Ave. #5A, NY, NY 10003

This is an incredible recording of improv by what have since become recognized as NYC's premiere avant-garde musicians, including Bill Laswell & Sonny Sharrock (Last Exit), John Zorn (Naked City), Fred Frith, and others.

Each of the seven untitled tracks spontaneously expands in a new inventive direction drawing on a wealth of intuitive talent. From Zorn's intermittant, squawkin' & whinin' tenor sax and Charles Noyes' unpredictably dramatic cymbal & snare-work to snare-work to Frith's gurgling chords and the ominous virtuosity that is Sony Sharrock, this collection surges with power when you least expect it; from building cacophonies to sonic desolation. Inspiring improvisation captured in its rawest essence.



Various Artists

Tyranny of the Beat

Mute Records: 75 Rockefeller Plaza, NY, NY 10013

In its infinite wisdom, Brit label Mute has decreed that the industrial age has not died (or at least that its resurrected corpse is exponentially more interesting than another fuckin' tribute album to a has-been). With catalogue release of the Swell Maps, Can, Cabaret Voltaire & Throbbing Gristle under its garter, Mute's *Tyranny of the Beat* is a teaser of pleasures to come, excerpting tracks from the industrial hall o' pain (all to be released in original form).

From the opening atmospheric sirens of SPK & pounding schizobeat of 'industrial dance's' forefathers (Cabaret Voltaire & DAF) to the origins of white noise (a la Wire, Can, Loop, & the Swell Maps) and the unflinchingly painful roots of the industry via TG, Non & Einsturzende Neubauten, Mute

samples it all. While not inflicting as much discipline as was possible, *Tyranny of the Beat*, does include many excerpts from the industrial Torah.

This collection of a much lamented, seldom eulogized era when art's evil twin picked up the weapon of music and smashed the gears of society in decline. And soon it will all be available again...



Sonny Sharrock
Ask the Ages

Axiom Records: 14 E. 4th Ave., NY, NY 10012

Immense. Fans of Last Exit stand back & let this one breathe new avant-fury into you. Guitar-hitman Sharrock resurrects the history of the genre, from slower-paced slink to the modern Basie-esque quartetn to the amphetamine-laden fury of acid that he helped create. Nothing short of impressive, both in scope and delivery. Sharrock's sheer speed & dexterity match up with the experience of Elvin Jones on skins and newcomers Pharoah Sanders on sax & Charnet Moffett holding upright bass. Meshing a new & old in a potent hybrid, Sharrock's new quartet hits stride, changes up & rewrites the canon. Sonny is at his frenzied finest on "Promises Kept" & "Many Mansions."



Test Dept
Proven in Action

Dept 2/ Caroline Records: N/A

This year marks the release of a seminal, live recording by the Test Dept. British curators of new historicism, the Test Dept fuses Gaelic tradition & aggressive, tribal percussion to move the masses, calling them to act on their message of liberation and confrontational resistance to authoritarian oppression. *Proven In Action* (recorded live @ a Quebec performance) is a powerful collection of some of the artists' most moving compositions (all of which taken from previous LPs: *Terra Firma*, *Gododdin*, & *Pax Britannica*).

Under immense, hammering percussion, samples from hypocritical world leaders, intermitant bagpipes, & sounds of battle, cries out the angry, vengeful mouthpiece of the group Alistair Adams. Recounting the historical

annihilation of political resistance on the British isle, Adams expands his call to arms to all oppressed people of the world

The Test Dept's live wake-up call for justice dignity & basic human rights is beyond mere description...raw, visceral emotion- music's revolutionary gag reflex to MTV & its sponsors.



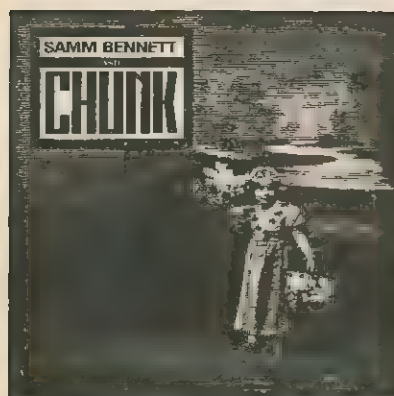
GRAV: PGR, Merzbow, Asmus Tietchens

Silent Records: 540 Alabama, Suite 315, San Francisco, CA 94110

Enshrouded in echo/cathedrals of thee high priest of scrap metal, this collection of holy industrial composition (a trinity of course) gets right to the heart of the machine & records its most intimate anatomical functions. Slow, plodding & overwhelming in both scale & scope> This is the Industry... the amplified sounds of Stalin's tractor factories in decay.

Building to unbearable, yet somehow sexually satisfying, heights of painful climax, the GRAV artists' twin demons, "Book of a Thousand Hands" (22:06) and "Three Hemispheres" (21:10) are forged from earlier fyles (1987) than the closing epic of holy terror, "Hymns From the Furnace" (1991). Like a mescaline-saturated nightmare of Philip Glass, these final hymns murk'n'jerk

around in menacing atmospheric silence, murmuring in secret codes to itself. GRAV serves up the real thing, but careful deary: it's an acquired taste

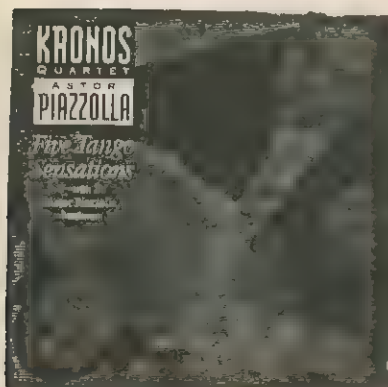


Samm Bennett & Chunk *Life of Crime*

Knitting Factory Works: 47 E. Houston St., NY, NY 10012

Perhaps the year's most overlooked, underestimated jazz recording, *Life of Crime* marks a distinct change of direction for NYC's percussion master Samm Bennett. True to past outings on Live at the Knitting Factory recordings, this 15-track collection boasts use of "whatever you can shake a stick at," which for Chunk means tiles, bricks, tamorims, pennywhistles, harmonicas, bells, digital looping, and "a couple of drums." What distinguishes this recording is the addition of Bennett's voice as instrument; lilting and dramatic, it both leads and follows rhythm, making *Life of Crime* very accessible. This addition should not be read as compromise, but rather compliment.

Using rhythms of diverse origin (spanning three continents), Chunk reinvents whatever music it appropriates, counterbalancing layered beats with loops, instants of silence & Bennett's maleable vocal ability. From the re"traditional" ballad ("Business as Usual") to the menacing density of "Maddacena," this is an adventuresome recording (including covers of Lennon & Ernest Noyes Brookings' Fer my dinero, *Life of Crime* is a sure bet.



Kronos Quartet

Five Tango Sensations with Astor Piazzolla

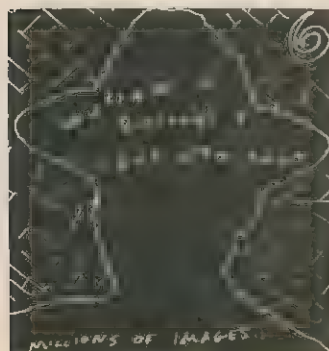
Elektra Nonesuch: 75 Rockefeller Plaza, NY, NY 10019

This collection of new tango compositions by the master Astor Piazzolla, written in collaboration with KRONOS, is peerless. Once again the world's most daring classical quartet bridges the gap between high & low art, taking the music that began in Argentine warehouses & bringing it to concert halls worldwide.

The year's most exciting collaborative recording features KRONOS performing five lush tangos with the composer himself on bandoneon. From the sonombulent opening piece "Asleep" the emotion builds with the interplay between Piazzolla's foregrounded bandoneon & David Harrington's violin.

"Anxiety" features the plucking & thumping percussion via string instruments that has become a KRONOS trademark, while the supra-theatric "Despertar" slows the pace with mournful introspection. The final tango, "Fear," is the most breathtaking composition on the CD (& arguably one of the best pieces either KRONOS or Piazzolla have performed recently).

Five Tango Sensations, satirically released under the guise of a "CD single" (clocking in at 26:46), presents the execution KRONOS lovers have come to expect, yet uniquely altered to interact with the bandoneon of the composer - the result is a collection of spontaneous moments of emotional beauty.



William S. Burroughs & Gus Van Sant

Singles Only Label/ Dutch East: P.O. Box 800 Rockville Centre,
NY, NY 11571-0800

A new document of experimentation for the grandmaster of cut-up & the director of Drugstore Cowboy...Side A samples Burroughs' sage-of-squalid-dada manifesto "I got all the images any hick poet ever shit out"...On the flip, "The Hipster Be-Bop Junkie," Burrough's police description of the titled subject is fed through multiple loops of progressively slower pitch (rather than cut-n-pasted... mind bending fer sure...The new marks of an old hand.



S.E.M. Ensemble

Music by Marcel Duchamp

Edition Block: Schaperstrasse 11 D-1000 Berlin 15

Duchamp wrote music sparingly between 1912-1915, each piece a radical departure from anything composed up to that point, dropping hints that later artistic movements, including Dada, later recovered. This recording covers two of Duchamp's completed works & interprets an unfinished third.

John Cage's vocal interpretation of "Sculpture Musicale" in fifty percent mesosic is preceded by S.E.M. Ensemble's version of "Erratum Musical" for three voices: notes are struck by "luck of the draw," a technique later appropriated by Cage himself via I Ching. The New York-based experimental ensemble then proceeds to interpret "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Boyfriends Even" using the predetermined roll of a player piano.

Music boxes haunt the final completed composition by Duchamp, a musical interpretation of the text Cage earlier read, "Sculpture Musicale." The CD closes with S.E.M. Ensemble's attempt to achieve closure in Duchamp's second movement of "The Bride Stripped Bare," which was never finished by the artist. While easily the most tonal piece on the collection, the successful completion of this piece is virtually indecipherable. *Music by Marcel Duchamp* is a valuable document of the music of one of the century's most influential visual artists, rendered by his musical peers of today



PHOTO: Mick Jeffries

Skin Yard was just one of the many bands which played in WRFL's Alternative Music Month this fall. If ya missed it, then you better show up this fall, loser.

A FEW FRIENDLY REVIEWS....

ANTISEEN- SOUTHERN HOSTILITY
(Rave Records)

Antiseen, a North Carolina four-piece notorious for their long hair and onstage self-mutilation, were sequestered in a 24-track studio earlier this year to record a new album. The end result is the aptly named "Southern Hostility". To be deathly frank, this album leaps out of your speakers, smashes a Heineken bottle over your sister's head, and then pisses all over your old Motorhead albums. "Southern Hostility" is simply basic, stripped-down grungecore completely devoid of the political rants and fashion statements that almost killed punk ten years ago. While none of this album is for the squeamish or the faint of heart, cuts like "Kill the Business", "Watch the Bastard Fry", and "Evil Rock 'N' Roll" (co-penned with the infamous G.G. Allin) exhibit Antiseen at their brutal, redneck best. Speaking of old G.G., keep your eyes peeled for a record featuring Antiseen as his backup band in a project called "G.G. and the Murder Junkies". Yeah, G.G. sent us a press kit a little while back. I wonder what he's up to, now that he's out of jail...

GODFLESH- SLAVESTATE
(Earache Records)

Earache has a reputation for putting out some pretty nasty music, and the latest release from Godflesh is no exception. However, Godflesh differ from the rest of the "grindcore" lot in the sense that they derive their power from heaviness as opposed to speed. Most of the tracks on "Slavestate" are of an industrial nature, but songs such as "Slateman" and "Wound '91" make most heavy metal look like meaningless, idiotic shit. If you're a fan of earlier Swans or Christian Death, you'll definitely want to check out Godflesh.

DWARVES- THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS
(Sub Pop)

The lead vocalist for the Dwarves, a gentleman going by the name of Blag Jesus, openly admits to hating most of what Sub Pop releases, touting it as "faggot college rock". And the latest release from the Dwarves is about as far away from Mudhoney or Tad as you can get. Like its predecessor, "Blood, Guts, and Pussy", "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" clocks in slightly over twelve minutes long. (and thus makes the Ramones look progressive.) However, it IS a good twelve minutes of straight-ahead, misanthropic fuck-rock. But unlike "Blood, Guts, and Pussy", this album contains a few good musical hooks, and songs like "Fuck Around" and "Lucky Tonight" will definitely have the listener humming along to a tune of radically corrupted morals.

UNSANE- (self titled debut)
(Matador Records)

By looking at the cover of this album, one can pretty much realize what this long-awaited release from NYC's own Unsane sounds like. The record itself basically embodies life in the big city-- thundering drums, brutal bass, and primordial, slashing guitars duel it out in a relentless battle for control. Although this record does contain a semi-mellow track, none of the songs are weak and every one twists its way into the listener's brain like a rusty drill being wielded by a lunatic. This is definitely one of 1991's best, released just in time for the holidays. For further sensory bludgeoning, check out their "Jungle Music" EP and the "Vandal-X" single, both available on 7" vinyl.

PEGBOY- STRONG REACTION
(Quarterstick/Touch and Go)

Another powerful addition to the ever-budding Chicago scene can be found in Pegboy, a new band composed of ex-members of Naked Raygun, Bloodsport, and the Bhopal Stiffs. Musically, Pegboy can be compared to Naked Raygun, but they are far from being a mere carbon copy of this late, great band. "Strong Reaction" is stripped-down power punk laced with pop hooks and harmonies for an overall positive effect. Key cuts include "Field of Darkness", "Superstar", and the title track. CD buyers get an extra bonus, as the compact disc version of the album contains the earlier "Three Chord Monte" EP.

NINE POUND HAMMER- SMOKIN' TATERS!
(Crypt Records)

As much as I hate to admit it, I wasn't really looking forward to hearing this release, as the Hammer's first album, "The Mud, the Blood, and the Beer" left me out in the cold. However, "Smokin' Taters!" stomps circles around "The Mud...", kicking its ass and taunting it all the while. Nine Pound Hammer's sound can best be described as the grungy offspring of Elvis and the Ramones. All of the songs on "Smokin' Taters" rock with a vengeance, but the exceptional grooves can be found with "Long Gone Daddy", "Cadillac Inn", and the cover of Jerry Lee Lewis' "I'm On Fire". And here's the best part- THEY'RE A FREAKIN' LOCAL BAND!!! Makes ya wanna smile, don't it, eh?

XXX

Doug Saretsky

WRFL's Top 88 of 1991

Ranked according to airplay frequency

RFL CHART	ARTIST	TITLE
01	FLAT DUO JETS	GO GO HARLEM BABY
02	CONSOLIDATED	FRIENDLY FASCISM
03	DINOSAUR JR.	GREEN MIND
04	NIRVANA	NEVERMIND
05	MUDHONEY	EVERY GOOD BOY DESERVES FUD
06	WEEN	GODWEENSATAN
07	10 FOOT POLE	10 FOOT POLE
08	ICE T.	O.G. ORIGINAL GANGSTER
09	PIXIES	TROMPE LE MONDE
10	3RD BASS	DERELICTS OF DIALECT
11	BONGWATER	POWER OF PUSSY
12	R.E.M.	OUT OF TIME
13	HOLE	PRETTY ON THER INSIDE
14	THROWING MUSES	REAL RAMONA
15	BLACK CAT BONE	TRUTH
16	BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE II	GLOBE
17	MY BLOODY VALENTINE	LOVELESS
18	PEGBOY	STRONG REACTION
19	ANTHRAX	ATTACK OF THE KILLER B'S
20	SCRAWL	BLOODSUCKER
21	FISHBONE	REALITY OF MY SURROUNDINGS
22	PIXIES	PLANET OF SOUND
23	VARIOUS	A MATTER OF DEGREES
24	PRIMUS	SALING THE SEAS OF CHEESE
25	REV. HORTON HEAT	SMOKE EM' IF YOU GOT EM'
26	STETSASONIC	BLOOD, SWEAT, & NO TEARS
27	VARIOUS	RED, HOT, & BLUE
28	MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	99%
29	BLAKE BABIES	ROSY JACK WORLD
30	BUTTHOLE SURFERS	PIOUGHD
31	DARKSIDE	ALL THAT NOISE
32	LUSH	GALA
33	JESUS JONES	LIQUIDIZER
34	RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS	BLOODSUGARSEXMAGIK
35	PAUL K	BIG NOWHERE
36	LENNY KRAVITZ	MAMA SAID
37	COPSHOOTCOP	WHITENOISE
38	CRAMPS	LOOK MOM NO HEAD!
39	ROBYN HITCHCOCK	PERSPEX ISLAND
40	STAN RIDGEWAY	PARTY BALL

41	PUBLIC ENEMY	APOCALYPSE 91...ENEMY STR
42	DE LA SOUL	DE LA SOUL IS DEAD
43	NITZER EBB	EBBHEAD
44	SHONEN KNIFE	PRETTY LITTLE BAKA GUY
45	ACTION SWINGERS	ACTION SWINGERS
46	LUSH	NOTHING NATURAL
47	CHICKASAW MUDD PUPPIES	8 TRACK STOMP
48	TRIP SHAKESPEARE	LULU
49	ROYAL CRESCENT MOB	MIDNIGHT ROSE'S
50	DIVINYLS	DIVINYLS

51	DREAM WARRIORS	AND NOW THE LEGACY BEGINS
52	ELVIS COSTELLO	MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE
53	SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES	SUPERSTITION
54	FUDGE TUNNEL	HATE SONGS IN E MINOR
55	YO LA TENGO	HERE COMES MY BABY
56	DANIEL ASH	COMING DOWN
57	COCTEAU TWINS	COCTEAU TWINS
58	POP WILL EAT ITSELF	CURE FOR INSANITY
59	TERMINATOR X	VALLEY OF THE JEEP BEATS

60	RIDE	NOWHERE
61	MOTORHEAD	1916
62	SWANS	WHITE LIGHT FROM THE MOUTH
63	SCREAMING TREES	UNCLE ANESTHESIA
64	FIREHOSE	FLYIN' THE FLANNEL
65	VARIOUS	PYRAMID MEETS THE EYE
66	VARIOUS	HEAVEN & HELL-VU
67	VARIOUS	TAME YOURSELF
68	DIDJITS	FULL NELSON REILLY
69	VARIOUS	RUTLES HIGHWAY REVISITED
70	SPACEMEN 3	RECURRING

71	THIS MORTAL COIL	BLOOD
72	VARIOUS	THIS IS ACID JAZZ VOL. 1
73	XTC	RAG & BONE BUFFET
74	SKINYARD	1000 SMILING KNUCKLES
75	GOLDEN PALOMINOS	DRUNK WITH PASSION
76	GIANT SAND	SWERVE
77	BRAND NUBIAN	ONE FOR ALL
78	SMASHING PUMPKINS	GISH
79	P.M. DAWN	OF THE HEART, OF THE SOUL
80	ELEVENTH DREAM DAY	LIVED TO TELL

81	SON OF BAZERK	BAZERK, BAZERK, BAZERK
82	EINSTURZENDE NEUBATEN	STRATEGIES AGAINST ARCHITE
83	HALO OF FLIES	MUSIC FOR INSECT MINDS
84	ERASURE	CHORUS
85	VOLCANO SUNS	CAREER IN ROCK
86	DR FIORELLA TERENCE	MUSIC FROM THE GALAXIES
87	MARY'S DANISH	CIRCA
88	BEAT HAPPENING	DREAMY

Will Geeslin/ Entropic Symphonies

1. Galactic Cowboys, *Galactic Cowboys*
2. Smashing Pumpkins, *Gish*
3. Prong, *Prove You Wrong*
4. Corrosion of Conformity, *Blind*
5. Primus, *Sailing the Seas of Cheese*
6. Nirvana, *Nevermind*
7. Ignorance, *The Confident Rat*
8. Ozzy Osbourne, *No More Tears*
9. Rush, *Roll the Bones*
10. Metallica, *Metallica*

Harck Pickett & Rags/ Fresh Test

1. Ice Cube, *Death Certificate*
2. Gang Starr, *Step In the Arena*
3. A Tribe Called Quest, *Low End Theory*
4. Def Jef, *Soul Food*
5. 2Pac, *2Pacalypse Now*
6. Son of Bazerk, *Bazerk Bazerk Bazerk*
7. Cypress Hill, *Cypress Hill*
8. Public Enemy, *Apocalypse 91*
9. Raw Fusion, *Live From Styletron*
10. Terminator X, *Valley of the Jeep Beats*
11. EPMD, *Business As Usual*
12. Dream Warriors, *Dream Warriors*
13. Poor Righteous Teachers, *Pure Poverty*
14. W.C. + Madd Circle, *Ain't a Damn Thing Changed*
15. Main Source, *Breaking Atoms*

Bill Widener/ Catacombs

1. Wedding Present, *Sea Monsters*
2. Hole, *Pretty on the Inside*
3. Unsane, *Unsane*
4. Bailter Space, *Thermos*
5. Steel Pole Bath tub, *Tulip*
6. My Bloody Valentine, *Loveless*
7. Oxbow, *King of the Jews*
8. Codeine, *Dim Stars*
9. The Moles, *Untune the Sky*
10. Tar, *Jackson*

Shawn McCarney/ Catacombs

1. Hole, *Pretty on the Inside*
2. Poster Children, *Daisy Chain Reaction*
3. Pegboy, *Strong Reaction*
4. Superchunk, *No Pocky for Kitty*
5. Terminal Cheesecake, *Angels with Pigtales*
6. Test Dept, *Pax Britannica*
7. Wedding Present, *Sea Monsters*
8. Babes in Toyland, *To Mother*
9. Tar, *Jackson*
10. Skin Chamber, *Wound*

Pat Thielges/ Thought Crusade

1. Nausea-Cybergod 7"
2. Infest 7"
3. Antischism, *Still Life*
4. Rorschach/Neanderthal 7"
5. Pegboy, *Strong Reaction*
6. Cacofonia/ Bloodsoaked 7"
7. Born Against, *9 Patriotic Hymns*
8. Citizens Arrest, *Colossus*
9. Endpoint/ Sunspring 7"
10. Undermine, "My Wire" 7"

1991

WRFL DJs
Give You
MORE
Than
YOU
can
TAKE

"So, what do
you suggest?"

7" Singles

1. Hole, "Dicknail"
2. Lilys, "February Fourteenth"
3. Helmet, "Unsung"
4. Lung, "Psychopornadelia"
5. Godflesh/ Loop 7"
6. Unsane, "Jungle Music"
7. Rein Sanction, "Creel"
8. Tumor Circus, "Headlines"
9. Pavement, "Summer Babe"
10. Honeymoon Killers, "Vanna White"

7" Singles

1. Babes in Toyland, "Handsome"
2. Hole, "Dicknail"
3. Honeymoon Killers, "Vanna White"
4. Railroad Jerk, "Younger Than You"
5. Erectus Monotone, "Vertigogo"
6. Wig, "Just Obscene"
7. Helmet, "Unsung"
8. Unsane, "Jungle Music"
9. Grotus, "Edward Abbey"
10. Dope Guns & Fucking Vol. 6

All-Time Top 10

1. DYS, *Brothehood*
2. Any old Government Issue
3. Necros, *Conquest for Death*
4. Heresy, *Face Up to It* & "Whos Gnrtn." 7"
5. Negative Approach 7"
6. Any pre-New Wind 7-Seconds
7. Social Unrest, *Rat In the Maze*
8. Nausea, *Extinction*
9. Declino/Negazione, *Mucchio Savaggio*
10. Any SNFU

"the best of... etc!"

Matt Dacey/ Metal Mortuary

1. Voivod, *Angel Rat*
2. Ozzy Osbourne, *No More Tears*
3. Metallica, *Metallica*
4. Over Kill, *Horroscope*
5. Cycle Sluts From Hell, *Cycle Sluts From Hell*
6. Prong, *Prove You Wrong*
7. Nirvana, *Nevermind*
8. Wrathchild America, *3-D*
9. Soundgarden, *Badmotorfinger*
10. Armored Saint, *Symbol of Salvation*

Jack Kirk/ Low Down Blues

1. Son of Bazerk, *Bazerk, Bazerk, Bazerk*
2. The Moles, *Untune the Sky*
3. Honeymoon Killers, "Kansas City Milkman" 7"
4. A Tribe Called Quest, *Low End Theory*
5. Grotus, *Brown*
6. Cypress Hill, *Cypress Hill*
7. The Wedding Present, *Sea Monsters*
8. COPSHOOTCOP, *White Noise*
9. Buddy Guy & Junior Wells, *Alone & Acoustic*
10. The Hesitators, *Hesitators*
11. My Dad Is Dead, *Chopping Down the Family Tree*
12. Smashing Orange, "My Deranged Heart" 7"
13. Honeymoon Killers, "Vanna White" 7"
14. Helios Creed, *Lactating Purple*
15. Killing Joke, *Extremities, Dirt, & Various...*

Rob Rightmeyer/ Verbs of Power

1. Cypress Hill
2. MC Breed & DFC
3. Ice Cube
4. Public Enemy w/ Anthrax
5. A Tribe Called Quest
6. De la Soul
7. Black Sheep
8. Del Tha Funkee Homosapien
9. Compton's Most Wanted
10. Nice & Smooth

Lori O'Connor/ Women's Music

1. Kirsty MacColl, *Electric Ladyland*
2. Enya, *Shepherd Moons*
3. Siouxsie & the Banshees, *Superstition*
4. Heidi Berry, *Love*
5. This Mortal Coil, *Blood*
6. Robyn Hitchcock, *Perspex Island*
7. Billy Bragg, *Don't Try This at Home*
8. Throwing Muses, *The Real Ramona*
9. Mouth Music, *Mouth Music*
10. Kate & Anna McGarrigle, *Heartbeats Accelerating*

Ed Boland/ Beat Bash (12x12")

1. Nitzer Ebb, "Come Alive"
2. EMF, "Unbelievable"
3. Primal Scream, "Higher Than the Sun"
4. Shamen, "Progen '91: Move Any Mountain"
5. Army of Lovers, "Crucified"
6. The KLF, "What Time is Love?"
7. Black Box, "Strike It Up"
8. YAZ, "Stae Farm"
9. Erasure, "Love to Hate You"
10. Pet Shop Boys, "Where the Streets Have No Name"

Amy & Tanya/ Christian Rock

1. The Choir
2. The 77s
3. Scattered-Few
4. Charlie Peacock
5. Mad at the World
6. Seventh Angel
7. DA
8. Adam Again
9. Amy Grant
10. Rez

Bill Verble/ World Sounds

1. Cuba Classics 2, *Dancing with the Enemy*
2. Astor Piazzolla, *Love Tanguedia*
3. Ancient Heart, *Mandinka & Fulani Music*
4. *Jit - the Movie*
5. Kenya Dance Mania
6. Ivo Papasov & His Orchestra, *Balkanology*
7. Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, *Shahbaaz*
8. Mahlatini & Mahotella Queens, *Lion Roars*
9. Mahotella Queens, *Marriage is a Problem*
10. Aurhus Mabele with Loketo, *King of Soukous*

11. Latour, "People Are Still Having Sex"
12. Fortran 5, "Bike"

CAUTION

INDUSTRIAL DANCE ZONE

M 156 WEST MAIN ST.

ZONE ENTRANCE AT 9:00

E
T
R
O

t.
h
u
r
s
cl
a
y
s

FREE

WRFL

WRFL PROMOTIONS



ROLLINS... TALES OF ALTERED REALITY...
 BOXED LIFE= HATRED OF COPS, LIFE IN L.A.,
 HEROIN OVERDOSES, WASTED LIVES,
 DESTITUTION, ENGRAINED VIOLENCE &
 MISOGYNY, SUICIDAL FRIENDS, MENTAL
 INSTABILITY, MORRISSEY-DAMAGED
 LIMEYS, DESPERATE HOMOCIDAL BINGES,
 MOMENTS OF OPTOMISM & SELF-EFFACING
 HUMOR... SHOW YOUR TATTOOS...
 REAL-LIFE TALES WITH A MESSAGE... HOPE
 IN DESPERATE TIMES...

ROLLINS, THE MAN... WARM, FRIENDLY...
 CONFIDENT & SATIRICAL... LONER, KEEPS
 TO HIMSELF... NO USE FOR WEAK,
 UNINSPIRED MUSIC... DOESN'T LISTEN TO
 MUCH OTHER MUSIC... MOST "NEW" MUSIC
 IS JUST LAME REWORKING OF OLD
 SCHOOL... EVERY LIVE ROLLINS GIG A FULL,
 PHYSICALLY DRAINING EXPERIENCE... NO
 COMPROMISING - ESPECIALLY WITH NEW
 LABEL...

NEW ROLLINS BAND LP IN SPRING... SEZ:
 RAWEST, MOST AGGRESSIVE MUSIC SINCE
 BLACK FLAG... NEW BOOKS ON 2.13.61
 INCLUDE STORIES OF VIETNAM VET... LIFE
 DESTROYED BY WAR... NEW RECORD LABEL
 TO RELEASE OLD ALAN VEGA (1/2 SUICIDE)
 TAPES... NOISY, OLD-STYLE GTR GRUNGE
 NOBODY ELSE HAD GUTS TO RELEASE...
 MAYBE MORE, KEEP AN EARHOLE OPEN...
 ROLLINS STILL HARD AT WORK, HARD AT
 WAR...

PHOTO: JJ Haws

INTERFACE <=> IN YER FACE

UK Experimental Media/Video Lab
 juxtaposed a visual epic for the innocents
 of Lexington, showcasing the most
 innovative visual art being produced in
 the state, bar none. Dismantling
 boundaries of high & low art, glimpses of
 Las Vegas gluttony met Appalachian
 musicians, while flashes of color bled
 over claymation surreality. The issue of
 homosexual relations surfaced with
 ageless dignity and emotion while
 "Rorschach's Bed" fused beautiful,
 mutating kaliedescopes with the issue of
 representing women in advertising.
 Challenging, thought-provoking art
 created in Lexington by UK students.
 JeeterTech has arrived, thanks to the
 know-how of Professor Shawn Briley &
 the impressive creativity of his student
 artists.



"NO PAIN,
BABY,
NO GAIN!
NO PAIN,
NO GAIN!"

WEDNESDAY
11PM-2AM



Uncle Bill shoots the subterranean shit

REVIEWS BY BILL WIDENER

Don Fleming, guitar-god at large, teams up w/ famed industrialist asshole Tom (Peach of Immortality)

My favorite new label is *Slumberland*,

Smith for *Gin Blossoms*, a 7" ep o' really effed-up buzz-n-fuzz; an especially touching (& tetched) cover o' "Dizzy", a skating rink fave o' my boyhood. Meanwhile, as part of the NYC art-scum supergroup *Dim Stars* (no relation t'th'Codeine lp), Don jams w/ Richard Hell, Thurston Moore & Steve Shelly on a sprawling 4-part take on Hell's "You Gotta Lose", as well as a marv cover o' Stickmen W/ Rayguns classic "Christian Rat Attack". Add the psychosexual Batman art by Pettibone, & it's definitely a treasure to hug to yer bosom.

Speakin' o' wall-o-swirl, be sure to check out *Loveless*, the latest orgone-pop masterpiece from *My Bloody Valentine*...a huge furry vortex o' psychedelekissability, like licking a big battery dipped in chocolate anyone who can listen to this & not wanna hug/nuzzle/bite/cress/cuddle/smooch/snuggle/fuck 'til s/he's a sated heap o' purr is a goddam eunuch.

Two new 7-inchers from Amphetimine Reptile: **Gear Jammer** ("Two Tons of Chrome/(I Saw You)Video")

two sides o' supercharged grungeneck stompalong, sorta Helios of Flies, I think that's Haze on lungs, neat-o black-on-textured-red-black clover. Even better is the **Hammerhead** picture disc (!): "Peep" has factory graphics as dense & comely as the song itself, while "UV" has a bee-yoo-tee-ful painting o' one ugly muhfugger. Revvin' UG w/ tuneful bits, like a heapin' bowl o' raisins & razors.

**COLLECTOR-SCUM
ALERT!!!**



outta Silver Springs, Md., specialists in a brand o' underground pop that falls 'twixt K's naive minimalism and Creation's wall-o-swirl. Take, f'r ex, the delish s/t ep by **Black Tambourine**, whut sounds like the voxist fun Lush frontin' Salem 66 usin' Pavements's old amps. Also hep is **Whorl**: "Maybe It's Better/Christmas" is a finespecimen o' dustbunny twang-n-buzz, while the newest 7" "Stupid Shit/Mind Revolution" shows the ruff, tuff, angry "Shawn'll-get-a-woody" side o' the band. Last & foremost, **the Lilys**, whose "February 14th/Threw a Day", a throbbin' beast o' rushin' honey-grind, just swept me off'n my feet. Can't wait to check out other Z-land crews like Velocity Girl, HoneyBunch & Jane Pow.

The Bitch-Priestess of the Sintellectual Set, Lydia Lunch, has a new lp out, entitled *Shotgun Wedding*. Working w/ exceedingly unhealthy-looking Aussie guitar-lord Rowland S. Howard, La Lunch does that moanin' swamp-witch thang. Real morbid & romantical-like: perfect mood-music for yer next angst-ridden sado-maso juice-swap. Nice sexy pix, too!

FLAT DUO JETS

show review by Jeffry Scott Holland

They're from the South. They used to be a trio of voc/gtr-bass-drum but they ditched the bass. They mix punk, blues, rockabilly, and jazz into a big vat and then piss in it. And they're *LOUD!*

Two guys: longhaired drummer dude, little guy in a cheap blue suit and tie on the guitar and mike. No talking to the crowd, no patter, no song introductions, no bullshit. Just bangin', twangin', and sangin'. Amazing reverbed-out covers of Louis Prima/Benny Goodman's "Sing Sing Sing", the Cramps' obscure b-side "Weekend on Mars", Duke Ellington's "Harlem Nocturne", and God knows what else; everything segued into one nonstop high-voltage medley of noise.

The sound was among the loudest and best ever heard at the Wrocklage. And halfway through the show, someone pointed out to me that Dexter, the guitarist, wasn't even plugged into the P.A. system: it was all coming thru his little flea-market amplifier. Amazing reverbed-out covers of Louis Prima/Benny Goodman's "Sing Sing Sing", The Cramps' obscure B-side "Weekend on Mars", Duke Ellington's "Harlem Nocturne", and God knows what else; everything segued into one nonstop high-voltage medley of noise.

The sound was among the loudest and best ever heard at the Wrocklage, and halfway through the show someone pointed out to me that Dexter, the guitarist, wasn't even plugged into the P.A. system; it was all coming through his flea-market amplifier. Amazing.

The show careened to an inexplicable halt when Dexter suddenly whipped off his guitar, slung it recklessly to the floor, plunged straight through the audience, and ran out the front door and up the street. For what seemed like an eternity we all stood there looking at each other wondering "What the hell?" as Dexter's amp squealed feedback from the guitar laying alongside it.

Dexter eventually returned, fiddled with the guitar for a moment but it refused to respond. Off he stomped, this time for good.

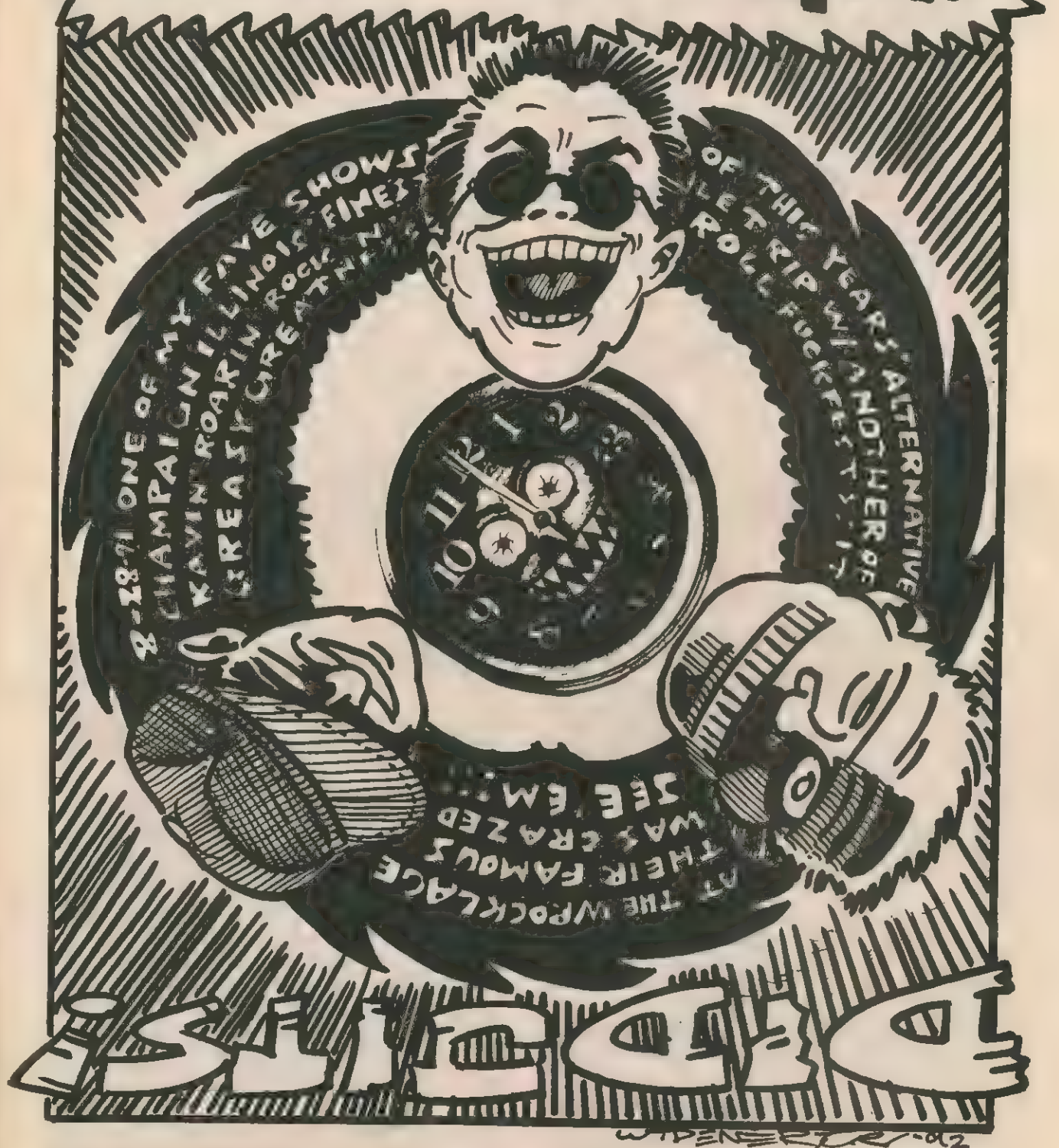
If the Flat Duo Jets return to Lexington, and if I have anything to do with it they will, don't fuck up a second time: see these guys put on their incredible show. Your butt'll be glad you did.



Flat Duo Jets demonstrate Amp destruction at the Wrocklage.

PHOTO: Mick Jeffries

WHO'S READY T'GET HIGH?



NOTES FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Steve Daniels

So ends '91, what could be considered one of the biggest years ever for Lexington music. '91 saw the dawn of Coda records, David Angstrom's local record company which led to (finally) the much awaited release of Black Cat Bone and 10 Foot Pole's debut CDs. Lexington saw the debut of Candy Says, the first true pop band in the area since Velvet Elvis. Lily Pons proved to be not only one of Lexington's most eclectic bands but one of the most popular. We saw the sad demise of Vale of Tears and the release of Paul K's first CD and 9lb Hammer's 2nd record. But of course 1991's biggest story for local music was October 25, 26 and the 27th at the Wrocklage and Coda records' recording of "Bigger Than You" 17 bands performed over 3 nights for a live compilation record to be released sometime in January. With music ranging from the funk of 10 Foot Pole to the hardcore of Disdain, "Bigger Than You" proved to be an event which successfully showcased the range of music in Lexington while recording it for history.

New in your finer record stores:

Paul K's first CD "The Big Nowhere" is primarily an acoustic project but does have the talents of the Weathermen in bit and pieces. The CD seems to be more of a focus on Paul's ability as a songwriter and at points might remind you of Paul Westerberg's more acoustic work with the Replacements. Tracks like "Robespierre" and "The Arson Biz" more than reaffirm that Paul K is arguably the best damn songwriter in Lexington.

9 Pound Hammer's "Smokin' Taters" on Crypt records is their second release. (available on CD in January) This full throttle rave-up abandons the hardcore sound the band seemed to have with their first release and finds them pushing more toward and "in yer face" rockabilly rave-up style. If you're a fan, you'll love it. If not, tracks like "Surfabilly" and "Cadillac Inn" as well as covers of "Folsom Prison Blues" and Jerry Lee Lewis' "I'm on Fire" will make you one quick.

Candy Says' first cassette release entitle "In my House" proves this is a band to be watching in the future not only for the delicate pop rhythms the band lays down but for the sheer beauty in singer Aleah Metzger's voice. Her lyrics show perspectives on love and relationships that seem heartfelt and sincere. Try listening to the title track's lyrics and see what I mean. It wouldn't really matter though, Aleah could be singing about ingrown toenails and you would still find yourself humming quietly behind her.

The Blueberries' first cassette release features some great guitar rock and roll with touches of Neil Young, the Replacements, R.E.M. and just a dash of country. The three guys work up a storm live and have managed to capture part of that on this tape. From the country sounding ballad "As Deeply as You" to the guitar driven rock of "Washed Out" there are no gimmicks, just a guitar, bass, drums and a voice playing music the best way they know how. This is sincere and honest rock and roll at its best.

A new band I honestly know nothing about other than having listened to their tape is Stray Voltage. Their first release called "Nuthin but Trash" is a hilarious spoof on country music and those ugly but loveable rednecks we've all seen here in the Bluegrass. This is boot stomping country music with funny and intelligent lyrics about life down in the south. Songs like "Trash Traylor Park Man" and "Nashville Music City Bullshit Blues" will have you laughing while you do the two step. Put simply, this album is a hoot.

The Lily Pons first tape is a unique combination of funk, jazz and rock. Ranging from the hard driving dance funk of "Ramses Groove" to the almost quirky rhythms of "The Waltz", the Lilipons proved themselves to be a band that has influences from every source but manages to create their own distinctive sound. I know its been out for a couple of months now but if you haven't picked it up yet you need to

while you can. This is one of the best tapes of the year.

Stuff to look for in the new year:

Skullhead anticipates releasing its first CD sometime in January tentatively entitled "The Last Breakfast" on an as yet unannounced label. The band has a large amount of material on the record including a hard driving rave-up of Guns and Roses' "I Used to Love Her but I Had to Kill Her" which reportedly G 'n' R has heard and is now regretting not having done the song the same way.

Strictly Wet is currently working on their first CD release hopefully to be out by February. This self financed project is supposed to be accompanied by a comic book about the band, reportedly with the band drawn as fish characters. Should be interesting, watch for it.

Black Cat Bone has been officially signed to Chameleon records. The "Truth" record will be re-released with a few new tracks and the band hopes to be shooting a video right here in Lexington.

Paul K and the Weathermen have completed an album for Homestead Records. The CD is supposed to be released sometime in March or April. The lp will include many staples from the bands live shows including "Iron Lung" and "Leave Me in Tears".

Stranglemartin has completed a live LP called "Whats your Problem" that was recorded live at the Wrocklage last July. It features ass-kicking rock and roll at its best including the stuff you know and love as well as a cover of the Replacements' "Johnny's Gonna Die" and 2 new studio tracks. No release date yet but its ready to go. The band hopes to have an LP out of all new studio material in August.

Jimmy Kwak, otherwise known as "JLK;etc." had another busy year churning out his low-fidelity,

but high-entertainment cassette-only releases, many featuring guest appearances by WRFL's own Jeffrey Scott Holland on guitar and vocals. Fans of Daniel Johnston and Sexton Ming should seek out these soon-to-be-collector's items. A show at the Wrocklage was sadly aborted, but look for a JLK;etc. show this summer.

First they were Langdon Shoop, then they were Cannibal Ferox. Now they're called Dynamite Cobra Boss, and even as we speak, they're in the garage preparing for their summer attack...

Disdain has quickly risen from being the graffiti kings of the bluegrass to the hardcore kings of Lexington. The band has plans to release their 7-inch with several songs on a Louisville label in the near future.

10 Foot Pole has pushed back the release date for its new LP to sometime in the summer. Ace horn man John Turner has been officially added to the lineup and the band has never sounded better!

Other artists working on new stuff include the City Slickers, Gnarly Love, the Blueberries, Jeff Holland, and Skeleton Crew. Watch for them in the new year in your finer record stores.

And of course watch for "Bigger than You" to be out sometime in late January.

This CD will be filled to the brim with live performances of the finest music in Lexington. Pick it up and learn quickly about the great music we have right here IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

And if you're in a band and looking for some attention send us your tapes! Send them to WRFL PO Box 777 University Station Lexington, Ky 40508 and check out the only weekly showcase of local music every Friday night from 6:00 to 7:30 on 88.1. See ya in the neighborhood.

Pass The Cigar... Tarpey & Pulito Are Back!

Lawrence Tarpey, former frontman for the Active Ingredients, Resurrected Bloated Floaters & Born Joey, has joined with former-Floaters drummer Brian Pulito, who's worked most recently with the Hesitators, on a new musical project. While they will eventually take on another member, Tarpey & Pulito have been experimenting with keyboard sampling and a drum machine, uncharted territory for them. By getting away from more traditional melody and developing intricate rhythms, Tarpey says they hope to avoid the repetitive effect that sampling has definitively felt. In effect, they hope to make their music much more "organic" sounding than synthesizers would connote.

Right now, Tarpey & Pulito are working to produce a 3 or 4 out recording before taking on more personnel. After getting their synchronization down, they hope to take on a guitarist before playing out live, which Tarpey tentatively hedged might be as soon as late February.

The Comic Interlude

186 Woodland Avenue
Lexington, Kentucky 40502



(606) 231-9237

Comic books new and old!

10% discount with valid college ID!

COMIC REVIEWS

A Brief Snippet from Jed McClure:

Well, in this respective snippet I'm just going to talk about one rag: Toxic! Toxic! seems to be one of those Brit comic magazines, along the same lines as 2000AD. In all of the strips, the themes of sex & violence are portrayed with great sensitivity and maturity. All right- that's crap- but these twisted bastards have good storylines, and excellent art. The most popular strip in Toxic! is "Accident Man": the life and times of an amoral international assassin. His specialty? Offing people so that no one knows they were ever murdered. His methods are usually insidiously clever, and often hilarious. Check out the graphic novel that collects one whole story line.

Another repeater is "Sex Warriors"... Hey Cyberpunks! This one is for you. The art is sharp. The idea is a cyberpunk-style world with a fair bit of magic wandering around in it. (Similar to a certain well-known roleplaying game.) The twist is that the heroes utilize Tantric magic to give them the edge. (For you uninformed, Tantric magic is a far eastern discipline involving the use of sexual tension as raw magic.) The story pits the heroes against large corporations, and forces them to push their resourcefulness to all limits.

Another good one is Brats Bizarre, a variation on the superhero group theme- except, these are the mutants who did not adjust to their powers, and are not quite right in the head. Ok, ok... not a new concept, but it has an excellent storyline and sweet art. As often on the wrong side of the law as the right side, their antics have to be seen to be believed.

Toxic! is going to be a force to be reckoned with... and while I think it is worth it, 3 bucks every other week is a bit harsh. Fortunately, Toxic! tends to release it's better storylines as graphic novels. Oh, yeah... the letter page is hilarious!

Baker Street: Caliber Press

Having allowed Jed his short say, now I'm prepared to rave about some of my favorite picks in the comic world- first off a damn fine gem by Guy Davis, Caliber's Baker Street. A Holmesian mythos, yes... but not quite what you'd expect. It's a current setting- minus a key European war which leaves relative peace in the twentieth century. The Victorian era continues to the present day. Picture Sherlock's deductive brilliance... in a woman drummed out of Scotland Yard for her cocaine abuse. She is not what you would expect. For Baker Street is the center of the Punk Scene in London, a brutal rebellion against the repressive attitude of Victorianism.

Damn interesting idea, and damn well executed. Plots worthy of the role model, and clever enough writing to make it far from "just another Holmes imitation." The art improves throughout the series, maturing into a gritty, fast and loose style quite appropriate to the theme.

Thumbs up. Get this one- the initial issues are available in a graphic novel, "Honour among Punks". Sweet.

Score: Piranha Press

Piranha press has impressed the hell outta me so far, and I haven't really seen a bad book out of them yet. Score was a four-book one shot, but I give it a thumb up and advise you to hunt down back issues. Hollywood is a split world, on ehalf guarded by security perimeters and guard dogs, one half resembling modern downtown Detroit. Phillip Sand is the proverbial fallen angel in this world, once a famous rock star, now without his memories... without his identity. Once he had the Score, something important enough people were killed for it. As he discovers who he was, well... it's interesting. Of course, people are willing to kill again to keep the Score quiet. Thumb up.



Excerpts: Baker Street (above)... Opposite page above: Why I Hate Saturn. Below, Cages.

WHY I HATE SATURN



How many times have you said to yourself, "Boy, I'd really like to find some intelligent, witty, socially redeeming, contemporary fiction."

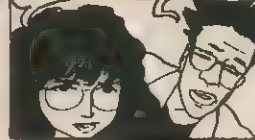
With pictures.

A book that attacks social convention and tells the truth about the age we live in.

Or at least a pandering novel of sex, alcohol, and depravity, disguised as "social criticism."

A book that entertains, without appealing to the lowest common denominator.

A way for you to satisfy your junk-culture appetite, and still be hip.



Well, friends, that book is finally here! **WHY I HATE SATURN**, the new graphic novel from Piranha Press!

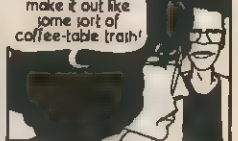
It's a 200-page comic book.

It's much more than that! It's for adults who appreciate clever, mature writing, artfully combined with fine graphic design and beautiful black and white illustration.

Hey, nothing wrong with comic books. Comics are pretty hip right now. Musicians read them.

Jeez, Ricky, I'm talking about a challenging, thoughtful work of art here, and you're trying to make it out like some sort of coffee-table trash!

But I sell more copies than you.



Why I Hate Saturn: Piranha Press

Hey, I'm not going to review something I don't like, despite the temptation to rip DC's "Prince" comic book to tiny pieces like it deserves (which I won't do because I'd have to shell out money for it which it doesn't deserve any more than Jesse Helms). Anyway, this is a graphic novel by Kyle Baker, frankly one of the best things I've ever read. I realize I'm out of thumbs here, so I better borrow a few friends, this one gets a gaggle of thumbs up. Anne, the main character, is a semi-neurotic artfucker, (gee, know many of those) struggling to deal with her psychotic sister, her friends, her love life, her lack of a love life, her editor, and of course her art. Sounds almost autobiographical at times. There's excellent humorous wisdom here on relationships, not to make it sound like some Woody Allen movie. Anne's not a flat character at all. She evolves. She changes. Not an easily describable story-natch, I wouldn't give anything away. As to the artwork, there's some really nice watercolor work in here. Shall I go on? Just fuggin' buy it... this fellow deserves your dough and anyone who has to deal with human beings more than once a week needs to read this one.

Hard Boiled: Dark Horse

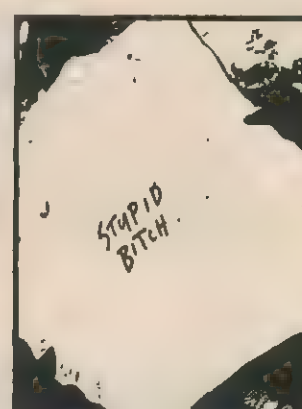
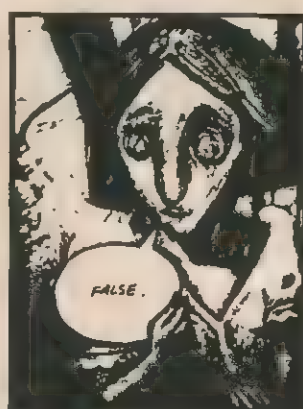
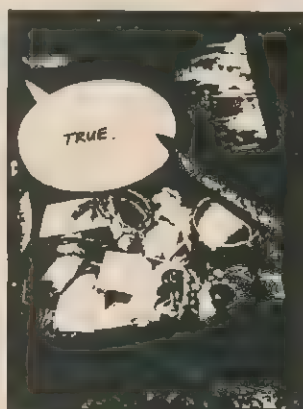
Well, this one's a Frank Miller, but I have to say I really have grown to like his work. Natch with such things as *Ronin* to his credit, and *Give Me Liberty* (a straight-up MUST-OWN: trust me) it's gonna be good but this one is shaping up as his best yet. Nasty future, as you'll see if you take the time to examine all the scenery in the backgrounds that he took the care to draw. There are only two issues so far, and probably still obtainable: get 'em. The main character doesn't really know who or what he is, but he keeps saying that he's Nixon, a tax collector, as he accidentally takes out those unfortunate enough to be wandering around in the backgrounds. Three thumbs. I don't know what it's going to do: but I know I like it.

Cages: Tundra Publishing

Okay, start this off on the right foot: Dave McKean is easily the most talented, most pure, most truly innovative artist working in comics today. You may recall the covers of *Sandman*, books like *Black Orchid*, *Arkham Asylum*, and *Swamp Thing*. Beauty... mixed media, photographic collages, paintings, just whatever he deigned to do. Well, this most recent book, currently at 4 in a 10 issue series, (Good luck finding any back issues, period.) as usual kicks the respective buttocks of all previous (but still magnificent) works. The characters range from God to his cat to an old landlady who is almost a pigeon. Cages is sometimes ink, sometimes paint, sometimes photographs, sometimes all of the above... If I took the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, and every rap act in NYC, I still wouldn't have enough thumbs to rate this one. The first issue has about the first fourth of the first book dedicated to creation myths, made up about God. Sometimes God is insane. Sometimes he's arrogant. God is sick of his clockwork universe that he cannot fail to predict: so he takes away just a bit of mankind's knowledge. Then he sits back to watch what happens. The other animals, particularly the cat, yell "What have you done? Man is slaughtering all the other animals, destroying the world!" But God was happy; this was new, this was irrational, but at least he was surprised. He took the power of speech from all animals except man, so that they could not protest. Eventually, man went after God. And they hunted him. "God fled. The love He held for His creations grew in strength, even as the places to hide became further and fewer. Finally, as man's pristine weapons drew blood, God was driven away from his world, leaving it a bruised and bloodied thing, smeared red onto the blackness behind it, and leaving man utterly and perfectly, alone."

The remainder of the book is the journey of a cat, wandering about the world of man.

J2



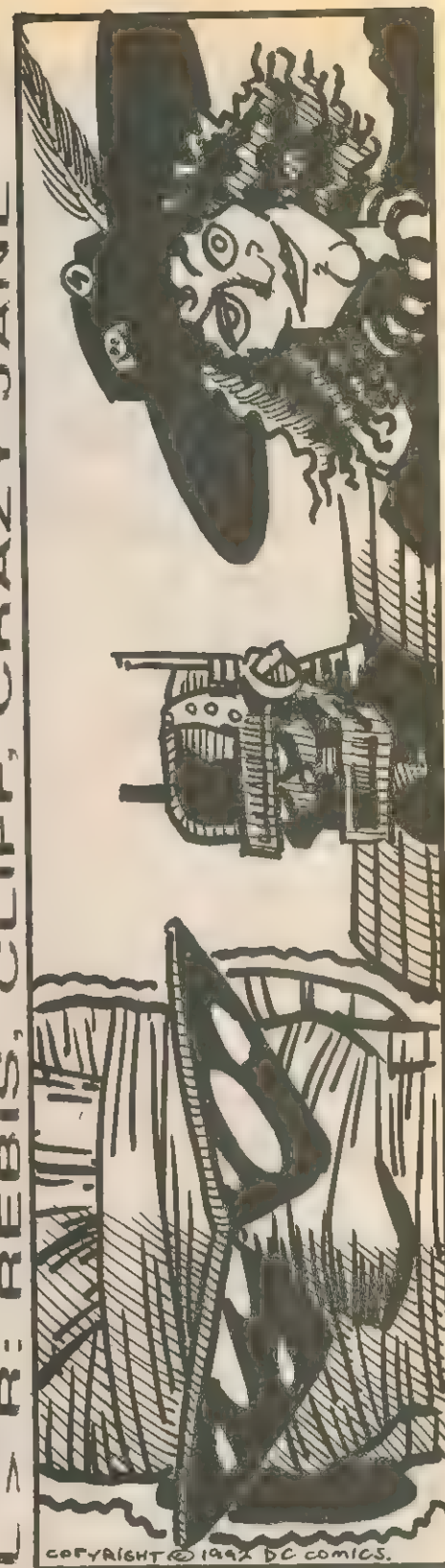
Take, for example, the DP's newest member, Danny the Street. That's exactly what he is: a sentient street that can travel anywhere and fit in without much trouble. If you ignore the gun and hardware stores decked out in lace and ribbons. You see, Danny's not just a sentient street- he's a **transvestite** sentient street.

And just take a look at some of the Doom Patrol's recent opponents, such as the Shadowy Mr. Evans, who may be the Anti-Christ, but definitely is the Dizzy Wet Schoolmaster. Or the Pale Police, agents of the Cull of the Unwritten Book, who smell really bad and speak in anagrams. Or the Men from N.O.W.E.R.E., made out of the lower spirits of dead men, terrorized by children's stories into the thrall of the Horror In the Pentagon.

Or the Brotherhood of Dada, led by Mr. Nobody, who always looks like you're seeing him out of the corner of your eye. Having failed with the Painting That Ate Paris, Mr. Nobody & his new crew- the Love Glove, Agent "I" ("He comes as NO Surprise!"), Alias the Blur, and Number None ("The Enemy: the person who bumps into you when you're late for the train; the chair that collapses underneath you when you're trying to make a good impression on your girlfriend's parents...")- are

driving across America, as part of the "Nobody for President" campaign, in a bus powered by the bicycle Albert Hofmann, who discovered LSD-25, was riding during the first acid trip in history. Of course, reality warps, civilization crumbles, the Doom Patrol to the rescue! Well, not quite- seems Crazy Jane, the groovy gal with 60-plus super-powered multiple personalities, agrees with Mr. Nobody, and Rebis just can't be bothered to join Cliff (aka Robotman, tho' hardly anyone calls him that anymore)-s/he's getting ready to mutate again. Man! Talk about your nail-bitin' suspense!

Basically, *Doom Patrol* is one of the first meta-fiction superhero comic, full of ouroborous plotlines that often end with resounding anti-climaxes, constantly attacking with humor the verities of authority, justice, sex roles, violence, that form the bedrock of most union-suit epics. *Doom Patrol* has as much to do with *X-Men* as *Naked Lunch* has to do with *Star Wars*: it's simply one of the best comics out today, always fresh, always entertaining, always a fun and festive mindfuck. Get into it.



**FRENZIED FANBOY FROTHING
BY BILL WIDENER**

DOOM PATROL

"I'd suggest
some kind
of organizing
field, but a
lot of the
time I really
don't know
what I'm
talking about."

REBIS

REBIS, the truly weird member of the Doom Patrol, couldn't have summed up the comic book in which s/he appears any better. Originally created in the mid-60's as competition for Marvel's then-new "flawed heroes", the DP have always been the "odd men out" in the rather staid DC Universe. But in the hands of Scottish writer Grant Morrison and his artists, *Doom Patrol* is easily the most bizarre mainstream comic on the market today.

GRANT MORRISON'S

Not all your T.V. idols have fallen

We work
hard, so
CHRIST
don't have
to...



*I'm praying for
your miracle. Bob*

Watch for B.O.F. nites
at the Wrocklodge

WROCKLAGE

imitation isn't flattery; it's just imitation.

DEMAND ORIGINALITY!

231-ROKK

JANUARY:

Thur 16- Candy Says + Longnecks
Fri 17- Black Cat Bone + Strangmartin + The Crackers
(featuring Greg Martin from The Kentucky Headhunters)
Sat 18- 10 Foot Pole + Stricly Wet
Sun 19- 10 Foot Pole + Afterlife
Wed 22- Alice Donut + Victim's Family
Thur 23- Nonchalant + Checkered Past
Fri 24- Beanland- "In a dead vein"
Sat 25- Groovezilla

Sun 26- Disdain + Sunspring + Bush League

Thur 30- Harambe Reggae

Fri 31- Government Cheese

FEBRUARY:

Sun 2- Skeleton Crew + Mr Yuk

Fri 7- Strictly Wet + Lilypons

Sun 9- Kinghorse

Fri 14- Tiny Lights + Blueberries

Sat 15- 10 Foot Pole

Happy Hour 7:00 - 10:00

\$1.25 Well Drinks

\$1.25 Longnecks

.50 cent Busch Drafts

\$3.25 Busch Pitchers

No cover before 9:00 except on national shows

**Mon-Sat 21 and over (Sorry...)
All Ages every Sunday 6:30-10:00**

IF YA GOT IT, FLAUNT IT!



THE PAISLEY PEACOCK

371 S. LIMESTONE ST. LEXINGTON 253-9228